THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

THE GREAT PIONEER FAMILY PAPER OF AMERICA.

Vol. 65. PUBLICATION OFFICE No. 726 SANSOM ST. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1885. $2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. FIVE CENTS A COPY. No. 6.

THE WEB OF LIFE.

BY S. E. PANTON.

As when some workers, toiling at a loom,
Having but little portions of the roll
Of some huge fabric, cannot see the whole,
And note but atoms, wherein they entomb—
As objects fade in the evening's first gray gloom
The large design, from which each trifling dole
But goes to make the long much-wished-for goal:
So do we seek to penetrate the doom
That lies so heavily upon our life,
And strive to learn the whole that there must be;
For each day has its own completed piece.
The whole awaits us, where no anxious strife
Can mar completeness: here but God's eyes see
What death shall show us when our life shall cease.

A PERILOUS GAME;

—OR,—

Her Mad Revenge.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STRANGERS STILL," "PRINCE AND PEASANT," "THE LIGHTS OF ROCKBY," "A WOMAN'S SIN," ETC.

CHAPTER IX.—[CONTINUED.]

THERE was a pause; then as he wiped his forehead, upon which stood great drops of sweat, he murmured, with all his old softness of voice—

"I beg your pardon. I have been indulging in heroics. But I wished to convince your ladyship of my sincerity; that was all."

Lady Blanche was silent for a moment, then she said in a low voice—

"Last night you said that you intended to—that you were able to separate Lord Norman and Miss Carlisle."

"I did. That is still my intention," he said.

"And—and you will be quite satisfied if you succeed? You will seek for no further revenge?" she said, earnestly.

"I shall be quite satisfied," he replied. "Lord Norman has set his heart upon this young lady; let me baulk him; let me strike him through his heart, and I shall be satisfied! I would ask for no sweeter revenge!"

Lady Blanche sat with downcast eyes. His words found an echoing thrill in her heart.

Neither would she seek a sweeter revenge than to see those two parted—for ever!

"I presented myself to your ladyship," he continued in a low voice, "because I knew that your own views would accord with mine so far. I knew that a marriage between Miss Carlisle and Lord Norman would be distasteful to you."

She waved her hand.

"Be good enough to leave me and my wishes out of the discussion," she said, haughtily.

He bowed.

"Certainly. From this time forth I will not allude to them," he said; "it shall be as though you were positively indifferent."

"If you please," she said coldly.

He put up his white hand to hide the smile that played around his mouth.

There was a moment's silence, then Lady Blanche looked up.

"What is your plan?" she condescended to ask.

"At present it is not complete," he answered. "It is an unwise general who discloses an immature plan of his campaign."

"How then am I to help you?" she then said.

"In two ways; for the present you must keep me apprised of all that happens to Lord Bruce; and you must afford me the opportunity of striking the blow when the occasion offers. I shall need another accomplice, Lady Blanche."

She looked up.

"Another?"

"Yes," he said, coolly, "and I think I have found her. Lady Pendleton has a maid, a French woman, a dark girl with black hair——"

Lady Blanche nodded.

"Yes, I have seen her."

"Her name is Josine. She is vain, and—well, like her race generally—passionate and impulsive, and she detests Miss Carlisle."

"How do you know all this?" demanded Lady Blanche.

He smiled.

"Did I not tell your ladyship that I was an adventurer? An adventurer is one who can adapt himself to circumstances. Circumstances, which is another word for poverty, have compelled me to dine in a cheap restauraurant in Soho, 'The Three Pigeons.' It is kept by a friend of Josine's, and one night, while sitting near the door of the landlady's little parlor, I overheard a conversation between Josine and herself. If that young lady could do Miss Carlisle an inquiry, without incurring any inconvenience or peril on her own account, Josine would be only too glad to do it! I was so fortunate that evening as to be of some slight service to Miss Josine. It happened to be a wet night, and I lent her half of my umbrella, and we are fast friends."

Lady Blanche listened intently; her eagerness to learn the plot she was engaged in nearly balanced her shame at having any hand in it.

"It seems that Miss Carlisle, whom she regards as a servant like herself, and in no way her superior, has—to use Josine's words—supplanted her in the affections of Lady Pendleton, and therefore Josine hates her! Wheel within wheel, Lady Blanche! It is thus the world turns round!" and he laughed.

Lady Blanche shuddered.

His laugh was so bitter and pitiless in its cynicism.

"Josine, with whom I mean to be very great friends, will keep me acquainted with Miss Carlisle's movements, and will assist me to strike my blow as the hour presents itself. My plan is more than half formed already, and when it is complete, your ladyship shall hear it, and judge for yourself whether it is not sufficient for our—I beg your pardon—my purpose."

Lady Blanche rose, white and agitated.

"I am compelled to trust you, Mr. Raymond," she said, in a low voice.

"You will not find your confidence abused, Lady Blanche," he said. "One thing more. It will be necessary that I should be able to see you as often as I desire. Do you speak Italian?"

"No," said Lady Blanche.

He smiled.

"That is fortunate. It is also fortunate I happen to have picked up the language in my wanderings. Will you please regard me as Signor Paulo, your Italian master—or, stay—music would be better, and more convenient! Would it not be as well if your ladyship took your finishing lessons from an experienced master?"

As he spoke he went to the grand piano, inclined his head by way of asking permission, and seating himself, began to play.

Lady Blanche stood watching him with a fascinated interest and curiosity. He played with all the ease and polish of a skilled musician, his long, thin fingers running over the keys with the rapidity of lightning one moment, and then gliding, with a soft touch into a sweet serenade.

With his dark eyes, made all the darker by contrast with the white wig, fixed on her with a half-mocking smile, he began a Neapolitan fisher song, and the room rang with his pure tenor; then he stopped suddenly, and laughed.

"Bah! that is a young man's voice, and I am an old one. I am forgetting my part—an inexcusable fault in an actor. Listen, my lady; this is better, is it not?" and in an old man's falsetto, thin and cracked, he finished the song.

"Soh!" he exclaimed, rising, and standing before her, as she sat in the chair into which she had sunk, overpowered by the performance. "Will that do? Will your ladyship accept me as your finished master?" and he laughed with sardonic confidence. Lady Blanche rose, biting her lips.

"I—where did you learn to play and sing like that?" she then asked instead of replying.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh I have picked up most accomplishments, Lady Blanche, and yet you see with them all I am but a needy adventurer."

She looked at him.

"I will accept you as my music master, Signor Paulo," she said, quietly. "It is usual, I think, always to pay the fee in advance?"

He bowed and smiled.

"As your ladyship pleases. Yes, it is usual!"

"Wait," she said, and glided silently from the room.

Oscar Raymond gracefully opened the door, and bowed her out, then he closed it, and walked up to the mirror, laughing silently.

"My dear fellow!" he murmured to the reflection, "you are in luck at last! Yes, the tide has turned; the corner of the dark lane where you have tramping so long is rounded at last! Revenge and a fortune at one stroke! It is not every man who could achieve so much; but then it is not every man who has your undoubted talents! My Lord Norman, you called me a cheat, and kicked me like a whipped hound from your presence, and I threatened to cry quits with you! We shall see if I am not as good as my word! Signor Paulo, I salute you!" and he bowed with mock gravity to the mirror.

The door opened and Lady Blanche entered.

As he turned, she laid a bank note on the table and pointed to it.

"Take it," she said, in a low voice. "When you need more——"

He waved the remainder of the sentence away gracefully.

"I shall not hesitate to ask for it, my lady. Our interests are mutual. No war—even such a little comedy of an affair as this—can be carried on without money."

He took up the note. It was one for fifty pounds, and his eyes glistened.

"Josine must have a large slice of this," he said, musingly. "Good-day, Lady Blanche. You will find that your confidence in me has not been misplaced," and he held out his hand.

Lady Blanche touched it with her white fingers, and stood motionless until he had left the room, then she dropped into a chair and hid her face in her hands. What had she done?

Whither was she drifting? Could it be possible that she—she the proudest woman of the day, who was regarded as a very queen of hauteur and exclusiveness, whose name was a byword for all that was patrician, that she had leagued herself with an adventurer!—had become an accomplice in a vulgar plot to undermine the happiness, the future of Lord Norman and Floris Carlisle!

Yes, it was true; impossible, improbable as it seemed. She had gone too far to draw back.

From the first moment she had consented to listen to the soft specious voice of this stranger, Oscar Raymond, she had stepped upon the thorny path of deceit and treachery, and she must follow it to the end, let it lead whither it might.

With a long breath she rose and stretched her arms above her head, as if to rid herself of the sensation of restraint and repression, and with something that was almost a groan went to the window and threw it open.

But though the balmy breeze came rushing into the room, it could not bring peace to her troubled soul, and with an exclamation of despair she once again sank into the chair, and shut out the sight of the world with her clear white, closely-strained fingers.

"Yes, it was too late now! She had sold herself body and soul to this man, and was in his power!

Then suddenly she rose to her full height, with a look of determination and resolution on her proud face, as if she were defying the accusing voice of conscience.

"Yes!" she murmured. "And I would do it again! I would sink still lower than I have done to separate them. If all my fortune; if the last scrap of my pride; if my very good name were the cost, I would not hesitate. Bruce, you shall never marry Lady Betty's servant—Floris Carlisle!"

* * * * * *

"I awoke and found myself famous!" said Lord Byron, and Floris might, with equal truth, have used the same epigrammatic expression.

"How on earth everybody knew!" as Lady Betty declared, was a mystery; but almost before Floris had quite realised what had befallen her, the world was fully aware of Lord Norman's engagement, and almost indecently curious to form an acquaintance with the "lucky girl who had caught him!"

Lady Betty's house was besieged with callers, who not only left the usual cards for Lady Betty, but special ones for "Miss Carlisle."

Grand ladies whom she had seen in Lady Betty's drawing-room, and who had put up their eye-glasses and stared at her as if she had been some curious monster, and who, at the most, merely vouchsafed her a cold nod or a languid "How d'y'do!" now greeted her with effusive friendliness, as if they had known her intimately for years!

When they drove in the park, the occupants of other carriages nodded and smiled at Lady Betty and herself with pointed insistance.

Lady Glenloona, who had almost ignored her presence, now hummed about her like a bee, and called her, in the sweetest accents—

"My dear Miss Carlisle!"

Even the Duchess of Cliefeden called and shook hands, and trusted that she would be in town for her next ball!

The men who had always been attentive, redoubled their attentions, and little Mr. Parks was ready to grovel at her feet; for would she not soon be the Countess of Norman and would there not be good dinners at Lord Norman's town house, and shooting parties at the Holme, which everyone was now declaring to be one of the best country places!

Everybody suddenly discovered that the future Countess was a remarkably beautiful woman, and the fashionable world began to rave about her grey eyes and sensitive mouth, her hair and her figure!

Lady Betty was delighted.

"My dear you will be the success of the day; you will, indeed! I foresaw it, now didn't I? Didn't I say that you would become famous? Why, Mr. Parks tells me that they are getting your portrait ready for

the 'Mirror of Society,' and that it will appear next week. Think of that—and all so suddenly too! I hope your head won't be turned—mine is almost so already, simply by hearing all the things they say of you; and I'm getting such credit for finding you! They say that I deserve a 'portrait' myself for discovering you!"

"I hope they'll give it to you instead of to me," said Floris, smiling; "I am not desirous of appearing in the 'Mirror of Society;' and as to being famous, I think I should be content with being happy," and she laughed.

"Nonsense, my dear!" exclaimed Lady Betty, "to be famous is to be happy. Why, I believe you don't care one jot about it, and anyone else would be delighted at half the notice you are getting, you proud, stuck-up girl!"

"Am I so proud?" said Floris, putting her arm round Lady Betty's waist, and looking down at her with anything but a proud smile in her grey eyes.

"No, you are not a bit—to those you like, my dear!" answered Lady Betty; "though those eyes of yours are not always so soft as they are now, mind."

"Not to Mr. Parks, when he tells me that I am the modern Venus de Medici, for instance; or to Lady Glenloona, when she informs me that she always liked me from the moment she saw me; or to the duchess, when she smiles at the parting of my hair, and murmurs 'My dear'!"

Lady Betty laughed.

"No, you look proud enough then, I'll admit! But, my dear, what's the use of being stiff with them? It is the way of the world to fall down and worship the rising star—especially when it is such a beautiful star, too!"

"That is almost worthy of Mr. Parks!" laughed Floris.

"At any rate, I'm proud of you. I never had a celebrity in my house before, and I like it! Look at the cards!" and she ran her hand through the heap in the basket. "Invitations for you to all the best houses—special little notes, too! Why, my dear, if you get tired of Bruce, you can throw him over and marry a duke!"

"Thank you! I'll think of it," said Floris, laughing merrily.

"And then you might throw the duke over and marry a German prince!" said a voice, and Lord Norman entered the boudoir where they were sitting.

"Oh, Bruce! I declare you were listening!" exclaimed Lady Betty, laughing.

"Listening! You were shouting your atrocious advice, and I couldn't help hearing it! You are a nice person to have charge of a man's future wife! My dear, I must remove you from this lady's pernicious influence!" and he went and put his arm round Floris's waist and kissed her, taking no more account of Lady Betty than if she were a wooden image.

He looked particularly young and happy as he stood smilingly regarding them—five years younger, Lady Betty declared, than he had looked a week ago—and Floris, as she stole a glance at the handsome face, felt proud enough at the moment.

"I've just looked in,"—he was continually looking in, "from dewy morn to stilly eve,"—"to ask you to come for a ride."

He had bought a beautiful horse for her the day following their betrothal.

"And there's a ticket for the concert tonight. I suppose I must go?" with terrible resignation.

"Oh, dear no!" said Lady Betty. "We can have a hundred cavaliers in half-an-hour; don't martyrize yourself, Bruce!"

"Oh, I'll go!" he said, laughing. "Here are the tickets; you'd better take care of them, or I shall be sure to lose them. Hallo, what's this?" as he emptied his pocket. "Oh, a letter from Bertie."

Floris started, and the color now left her face.

"What does it say?" asked Lady Betty, rising to leave the room, and the two together.

"Oh, it's a strange letter, for Bertie," he answered. "I never knew him write so gloomily."

Floris went to the fireplace and leant her arm on the mantelshelf, her mind tortured by indecision and anxiety. Should she tell him of Bertie's offer? It would be the wiser course, by far the wiser course, and yet she shrank from it.

Their love was in its primrose days. No cloud had arisen to overshadow it; there had been the most perfect happiness and harmony between them; it was hard to have to introduce the discordant note which might put the delicious melody of their lives out of tune.

She dreaded to see the look of disappointment that she knew would darken his brow if she told him of that scene with Bertie; she judged him by herself, and knew how acutely he would regret that anyone but himself should have murmured words of love to her!

While she was thinking—halting betwixt her opinions—Lord Bruce opened the letter and glanced over it.

"He says he is off to some distant clime—why on earth doesn't he say straight out where he is going?—and that he has had a bitter disappointment, a life-long disappointment. I suppose he and his uncle have quarrelled, or he has lost money on the last race, or——" he paused with a sudden flush and looked at Floris.

By this time she had made up her mind that she would not tell him, and she met his swift, anxious gaze of interrogation calmly and steadfastly.

With a look of relief he shrugged his shoulders, and put the note in his coat pocket.

"The gist of all which is that we shall see Master Bertie back again before the season is out, with his heart completely healed, and his purse filled," he added.

Lady Betty laughed.

"Dear boy! I hope so! We shall miss him awfully; shan't we, Floris?"

Before Floris could answer, the door opened and Josine entered—

"Lady Seymour, my lady, is in the drawing-room!"

Lord Norman took up his hat.

"I must go!" he said, quickly.

"Won't you stay? Do stay, Bruce!" said Lady Betty.

"Can't! I'll call for you in good time this evening!" he said; then he kissed Floris, and went off with a sort of suppressed alacrity.

Lady Betty laughed.

"Poor Bruce! He fled as if Josine had said a bogey was downstairs! Come on, my dear——"

"Need I go? I suppose I must?" said Floris, with her brows drawn down.

"Of course you must! The visit is to you! She ought to have called before! I can understand—I mean, I suppose she has been busy!" Lady Betty broke off with some confusion.

They went downstairs, and as they entered the drawing-room Lady Blanche rose to meet them.

She was exquisitely dressed—fair as a lily decked in its loveliest and most golden hues—and her usually impassive face wore a sweet, anticipatory smile. With a charming little nod to Lady Betty, as if she were of secondary importance, she held out both her hands to Floris.

"I am so glad to see you!" she murmured, her voice like soft, flowing music from her delicately curved lips. "I should have been to see you before, but my father has been ill! But I know all about you, for Bruce has talked of you so much to me!"

Floris put her hands in the long, slim, perfectly gloved ones, and the fingers closed over hers, feeling, as she remembered afterwards, as if they were bonds of steel.

"Yes, I seem to have quite known you for a long, long time! Do you know the first time I saw you I admired you—you are not offended?—women do admire women, let men say what they will to the contrary!"

"Our admiration has been reciprocal, Lady Blanche," said Floris.

Her voice sounded in her own ears forced and cold after the soft, too soft, one of Lady Blanche's, and try as she would she could not smile.

There was something in the beautiful face in the velvety eyes regarding her under the half-closed lids, that struck her with a kind of chill.

It was as if a lovely statue had suddenly been infused with life and were acting an emotion it did not, could not feel!

"Yes? How nicely you say that! I am sure we shall be good friends. Will you let me consider myself your friend? Why we shall be related, or connected, when—you are married."

The last three words left her lips slowly, and her white lids fell for a moment and shut in the deep brown eyes.

"I shall be very glad to have you for a friend, Lady Blanche," said Floris. "No one has so many as not to welcome a new one!"

Lady Blanche laughed softly.

"I wish I could have made so happy a response," she said. "Ah, it is not difficult to understand why poor Bruce lost his heart!" and as if acting under the impulse of the moment, she drew Floris towards her and laid her lips on her cheek.

Floris would have given the world to have been able to return the kiss.

Most women find it easy enough to kiss another. But with Floris a kiss meant so much!

In the aftertime she was glad, with an exceeding bitter gladness, that the Judas kiss had met with no response from her own lips.

"And now come and sit down," said Lady Betty, who had been looking on with a smile, half sarcastic, half amused, and with a somewhat incredulous glance in her worldly little eyes.

Lady Blanche laughed.

"I mustn't stay long," she said. "I've come on business too. I have had a letter from Lady Lynch. You know they are going to have a big house party at Ballyfloe for the grouse shooting, and of course she is anxious to have Miss Carlisle. By-the-way, what a sweet Christian name you have got. Floris! May I call you by it? And you must call me by mine, which, alas! is an ugly one."

"You shall call me by any name you please," said Floris smiling.

The charm of the sweet voice, the beautiful face, the languid, reposeful eyes, were telling on her, as they told on all who came within reach of their influence.

"Well, Lady Lynch has asked me about Floris; of course she must have her. Bruce has promised to go; indeed, the party was principally made up on his account; and Lady Lynch is terribly afraid that she shall not be in time to secure you. She wants to know whom she is to write to."

"To me," said Lady Betty. "Floris's mother is an invalid, and has consigned her to my charge."

"Very well," said Lady Blanche, rising. "I'll write and tell her. You will go, will you not?"

"I shall be very glad," said Floris, looking at Lady Betty.

"Better leave it to Bruce," said Lady Betty, shortly.

Lady Blanche looked at her with a smile, to conceal the pang of jealousy which shot through her at this curt reminder that Floris's movements were in his hands.

"Of course!" she said. "Bruce will decide. I must go now. I hope you will be able to go. We shall see so much of each other there. The men are out shooting all day long, and we poor women are left to our own diversions."

As she stood ready to go, the door opened, and Josine entered.

"Pardon, miladi; I thought you called me," she said.

Lady Betty shook her head, and Josine was closing the door, when Lady Blanche turned to Lady Pendleton.

"Your maid? May she pin this frill for me? I tore it out on the carriage step."

Josine came forward, her black eyes respectfully downcast, and went on her knees.

"I do not find it, miladi," she said.

"No?" said Lady Blanche, her eyes fixed on the girl's face with concealed scrutiny; "that is strange! I thought I heard it tear!"

"No, miladi; I see no tear."

"Ah, thanks," with an indolent nod—"it is of no consequence."

Josine dropped an elaborate French courtesy and went out, and Lady Blanche bent and kissed Floris again.

"Good-bye! Remember, we are to be great friends! We will tell each other our secrets, like schoolgirls, and prove to the unbelieving men that women can be comrades when they choose."

The door closed after her, but the carriage rolled away before Lady Betty spoke or moved, as she sat on the sofa, her sharp little eyes fixed on the spot where Lady Blanche had stood.

Floris stood looking at her with a faint smile.

"What are you thinking of?" she asked suddenly.

Lady Betty almost started.

"I was thinking what a wonderful actress Blanche would have made!" she said. "And all this time we have thought her incapable of anything of the kind!"

Floris looked grave and troubled. Lady Betty had put into words a vague suspicion which had been tormenting her, that the soft smile, the dulcet voice, the kiss, were part of a rehearsed performance.

"Don't say that!" she said, in a low voice.

"Well, I won't!" said Lady Betty. "But—but—there is one thing I should like to know, and that is why Blanche wanted Josine to pin up the frill that had never got torn!"

Floris laughed.

"Now, that is ridiculous!" she said. "What motive could Lady Blanche have for pretending that her dress was torn, if she knew that it was not?"

"That's just what I want to know, you stupid child!" retorted Lady Betty, pursing her lips, and she would say no more.

That evening Josine having received permission to visit "an aged grandmother who was sick," went to spend an hour or two with her friend the landlady of the "Three Pigeons."

The "Three Pigeons" is a quiet—an extremely quiet—*cafe* in one of the streets in Soho.

An ordinary observer might pass it twenty times without discovering that it was a place of entertainment, or in any way differing from the private houses in a row of which it stands; but the "Three Pigeons" is well known to the foreigners who sojourn in this, the foreigner's favorite locality, and the *cafe* does a steady though quiet business, especially in the evening, when silent and taciturn individuals of various nationalities beyond the Channel drop in noiselessly, take their outlet and glass of red wine, and their coffee and cigar afterwards.

Some of them play dominoes as an after-dinner recreation, while others gather together round the marble tables and talk in suppressed voices, and often with suppressed excitement.

No doubt many a plot has been laid and hatched in the dusky little *cafe*, plots whose outcome has been some blow which has shaken thrones and caused kings to tremble; but the plump little hostess takes no heed, and so long as her customers pay their score, they may, so far as she is concerned, plot to their hearts' content.

That evening Josine passed through the public or coffee room with her usual noiseless, quick step, very much like the tread of a self-possessed cat, and entered the little parlor at the farther end.

As she did so she shot a glance towards the compartment nearest the parlor, and a faint smile of satisfaction gleamed in her black eyes as she saw an old white-haired gentleman, with spectacles, seated at a table, diligently perusing a Parisian newspaper.

He looked up as she passed, and raised his hat, sweeping it earthward in the French fashion; and Josine just inclined her head; but, to make up for this curt acknowledgement of his courteous salute, she made a sharp, swift gesture with her long, thin, supple hand.

His quick eyes caught it, and he nodded as he resumed his paper; but after a few minutes he laid it down, and with a slow and listless manner he entered the little parlor in which sat Josine and the landlady, the latter of whom greeted him with a smile and a shrug of the shoulders, as if she were greeting an eccentric but harmless old man with whom it was pleasant to have a chat.

The old gentleman sat down and began to talk about the latest foreign news, speaking in French, Josine listening in silence, the landlady uttering the usual ejaculation. Presently she rose to attend to some customers, and the old gentleman dropped the news of the day abruptly and leant over to Josine.

"Well, mademoiselle?" he said.

"Speak in English," said Josine. "There is not one, or few, who understand it."

"True! You are always discreet!" he said, with a beautiful French accent. "Have you what I want?"

Josine regarded him with a cunning look in her black eyes, then her head dropped on one side musingly.

"Have I got what you want? I don't know. Last time we met, you asked me to procure you some specimens of handwritings."

"Yes! True! I remind you that I required them for my great work of reading character by handwriting. You were so kind as to take an interest in my promised treatise, and engaged to get me some specimens of the handwritings of the noble ladies amongst whom you mix. It was a kindly undertaking."

Josine looked at him very much as a young hawk might regard a weary old eagle.

"Yes, I promised," she said.

"And you have got them?" he said, with a grateful little smile, that little smile which a Frenchman can command at will.

"And I have got them," she assented.

"Ah, thanks! a million thanks!" he murmured, holding out his hand.

"Wait a minute," she said with a short nod, "you have not got them yet! Perhaps you will not see them at all, monsieur. I, also have my curiosity; I am a woman, you see. And I am curious why you want these letters. Satisfy me, and they are yours, monsieur."

He shrugged his shoulders.

"I have told you," he answered. "I want them for the purpose of my great work. I am collecting letters of persons in various ranks of society. I have plenty of the lower and middle class, I am only wanting now the upper; that class of aristocrats in which mademoiselle shines so brilliantly."

Josine's thin lips curved.

"I am not satisfied, and, therefore, I keep my letters," she said, with a snap of her white teeth.

He looked at her for a moment, then he took some sovereigns from his pocket, counted out ten and laid them on the table, covering them with his hand.

"See!" he said, with a smile. "Exchange is a practice of all races. Give me the letters—I will not say letters, any scrap of paper bearing the handwritings of Lady Pendleton and Miss Carlisle, the two friends I have heard you mention—and this little bagatelle is yours."

Josine whose eyes were glued to his hand, as if she could see the gold through it, took some sheets of notepaper from her dress pocket, and quietly covered them with her hand.

"Put five more sovereigns, monsieur, and they are yours," she said.

He added them slowly, and lifted his hand.

Josine pushed the letters across to him with one set of fingers, and clutched the money with the other.

He laughed softly at her eagerness, and unfolded the papers.

There were three: a scrap of memorandum written by Lady Pendleton, a short note from Lord Norman, containing a few lines accepting an invitation, and a copy of some song verses in Floris's handwriting.

He glanced at them with a face from which every trace of expression had vanished, then he put them in his pocket, and nodded.

"Thanks! I am now satisfied. I shall study these specimens and make my notes——"

He stopped, for a broad grin spread itself over Josine's face.

"Oh, do not trouble to play the comedy out, monsieur!" she said. "It is of no consequence to me what you want them for. You have them; I have the good money! We are quits—for the present! For the present! Shall I be too rash if I prophesy that it will not be long before monsieur requires my assistance again?"

He looked at her, then he got up and stood silent and smiling.

"Mademoiselle is observant," he said, with a bow. "Yes, it may be; and if I should, mademoiselle will give me her valuable aid?"

"No," said Josine, showing all her teeth, "I will sell it to you, though."

"Ah, but that is the same!" he said, and with a sweep of his hat, he stole out.

Josine sat and watched him for a moment, then her eyes gleamed.

"Observant! One need not be so exceedingly observant to remark that for an old man, so very white-headed an old man, monsieur has very bright eyes, and hands—bah! hands white and smooth as a man's of five-and-twenty!"

CHAPTER X.

THE Lynches of Ballyfloe were extremely popular people.

Sir Joseph had started in life as an errand-boy in a merchant's office; had, by the usual process, developed into a full-blown merchant himself, and, by a happy venture in jute or cotton—some said tallow—had succeeded in making a pile which rumor put at a round million.

Having acted as chairman of several parliamentary committees with more or less success, and always voted with his party, it occurred to the government one day that they might as well make him a baronet; so the whilom errand-boy was entitled to write "Bart." after his name, and his wife, originally Polly Smith, then became "my lady."

For some time, notwithstanding their wealth, society regarded them with a shy reserve.

Sir Joseph was a little too fond of talking "shop," and refering to the days when "I was in the city, sir"; and Lady Lynch was rather too fond of bright colors—not more so, by the way than Lady Betty, but then your Lady Bettes may wear crimson, while your Lady Lynches may not admit of a sneaking fondness for pink; one man may steal a horse, while another is not allowed to look over the hedge!

But the Lynches were an extremely good-natured, simple-minded couple, and so immensely rich into the bargain, that at last society graciously consented to become aware of their existence; though perhaps it would be more exact to attribute their entrance to the inner circles to their possession of Ballyfloe than either their simplicity or good nature.

Ballyfloe was one of the finest estates in Scotland.

No one knows the exact amount paid by Sir Joseph for the place, but rumor put it down in figures so startling that even society was astounded and curious.

The house was a magnificent one, built by a great Scotch lord, and so added to and improved by Sir Joseph that it had become a palace.

The land swarmed with deer, there were two splendid trout streams running through it, and altogether Ballyfloe was an autumn paradise, an invitation to which was as coveted and sought after as roses in December—used to be; now every one can grow them in a greenhouse all the whole year round.

In addition to the deer forest and the trout streams, the Lynches had a wonderful French cook, and a famous library of books and gallery of pictures, so that the net was constructed to catch and hold all sorts of fish; and no one considered himself happy unless he could look forward to a fortnight in the autumn at Ballyfloe.

This particular party had been organized to meet Lord Bruce, who was a special favorite with Sir Joseph, and comprised some of the best known of the best set,—lords and ladies, painters and poets,—and the arrival of Lord Bruce's betrothed was looked forward to with the keenest interest.

By dint of much persuasion Lady Betty had succeeded in inducing Floris to buy some new gowns for this special occasion, though Floris was of opinion that her few simple dresses were all that was necessary for "a'lady's companion."

"You must not forget, my dear," she said with her most charming smile, "that I am still 'Lady Pendleton's companion,' at which Lady Betty laughed very amusedly.

Bruce, of course, traveled down with them, and after a journey which Floris thought so short as to seem one of a few miles only, they reached the nearest station to Ballyfloe.

Here they found a magnificently appointed carriage with an outrider, and a fourgon for the luggage.

"Exactly as if we were royalty!" as Lady Betty said.

The size of the house, which they approached by an apparently endless winding avenue of firs, astonished Floris.

"Why, it is as large as a town!" she said, turning to Lord Norman.

He laughed.

"There are sometimes over a hundred visitors, and some of them have complete suites of rooms allotted to them. Lady Lynch's hospitality is Arabian and illimitable. You will see the reception they will give us!"

Almost as he spoke, the carriage drove into a broad graveled space flanked by a terrace on either side and with a vast entrance hall in the middle, and as the fretting horses pulled up, two pipers marched out of the hall at the head of what appeared an army of servants, and began piping a Highland welcome.

"That is in your honor," said Lord Norman. "It is 'The Bride's Greeting' they are playing."

"I think I am a little nervous," said Floris, turning away to hide the blush that rose to her face.

"It's a dreadful noise, and almost enough to deter anyone from being a bride!" said Lady Betty.

The carriage door was thrown open, and down the lane of servants Sir Joseph marched himself to hand the ladies out.

"I am very delighted to see you!" he said, with a stiff bow, and a pleasant smile on his simple yet shrewd face. "Lord Norman, I hope the ladies are not used! Lady Pendleton, it was extremely kind of you to honor us! My wife is very anxious to see you, Miss Carlisle!" and with a lady on each side of him, the man who had commenced life by lighting an office fire and dusting desks, led them into the magnificent hall.

Here they were met by Lady Lynch, a pleasant little body, who seemed as homely amidst her grand surroundings as if she were in a suburban semi-detached villa.

"And this is Miss Carlisle?" she said, looking up at Floris as she held her hand. "My dear, I am very glad to see you. Lord Bruce is a very old friend of my husband's and of mine. I don't think there is any one my husband thinks so highly of, or looks up to more than his lordship, and I hope you will like us. We will do all we can to make your stay with us pleasant to you,—oh, yes, for our own sakes, so that we may induce you to come again."

Floris's eyes filled, and she pressed the large hand, which was as soft as its owner's heart.

"I am sure I shall be very happy, Lady Lynch," she said, "and I am very glad to come."

"Thank you, my dear! And now you shall go to your rooms. I am so sorry Sir Edward couldn't come with you, Lady Pendleton!"

"Sir Edward can't be persuaded to leave the House even for Ballyfloe!" said Lady Betty, with a laugh; "so you can judge what a devoted politician he is!"

From hall to hall and corridor to corridor they were led with almost royal state to their apartments, — apartments such as Floris had never even imagined!—and were told that they had an hour in which to prepare for dinner.

Lady Betty was in ecstacies, and could scarcely remain quiet while Josine did her hair, continually running into Floris's room, which adjoined hers, to point out some evidence of almost Oriental luxury which had hitherto escaped her attention.

"My dear, it is a palace of the peris, a paradise! Happy! Why, I should like to live here for the remainder of my life. I am sure I shall break my heart when the fortnight is up; shall not you!"

Floris laughed softly. If she could have guessed how soon and how gladly she would fly from Ballyfloe as from the most hateful of all spots on earth, she would have wept rather than laughed.

"I don't know. I feel as if I were in a dream of the 'Arabian Nights!' It is so hard to remember that we are in the wilds of Scotland, too. But I think I am a little frightened, dear, as well as amazed!" she said.

"Oh, well, it will be very good practice for you," retorted Lady Betty. "Norman Holme, though not so large as Ballyfloe, is a tremendous place, I'm told, and you will be mistress of it before long, you know! I wonder how many will sit down to dinner this evening? They have had a hundred and twenty! Sounds fabulous, doesn't it? But there is no end to Sir Joseph's wealth!"

"Or to his kindness," said Floris, thoughtfully. "It is hard to realize that he was once so poor and unknown!"

At this moment there came a loud knock at the door, and Lord Norman's voice said:

"Are you two nearly ready?"

The smile that always came into Floris's eyes at the sound of his voice, beamed upon Lady Betty.

"There is Bruce," she said. "How quickly he must have dressed. You can't think how proud I am that they are all so fond of him. It seems as if I were the beggar maid and he King Cophetua, and as if the light that shone from his crown were reflected in my poor little self. Happy! Ah, yes, I am very, very happy—almost too happy!"

Lady Betty kissed her and laughed.

"My dear, we all feel like that before marriage! The courting time is the happiest in a girl's life, depend upon it!"

"Come on!" said Lord Norman. "I waited for you, knowing that you couldn't possibly find your way, and to tell you that the Prince is expected."

Then he held Floris at arm's length, and looked at her admiringly and very lovingly.

"I wonder how many heads you are going to turn, and how many hearts you are going to break to-night, sweetheart!" he said. "Two hearts you have already won: they are Sir Joseph's and his wife's. He told me that you were too beautiful for anything but a glass case, and she that you were too good for me!"

Floris put her finger on his lips—

"I don't believe they either of them said anything of the kind!" she whispered, childingly.

"Seen anybody you know, Bruce?" asked Lady Betty, as they descended the broad stairs.

"No! Oh, yes! I saw Blanche," he replied carelessly. "She asked very anxiously after you, Floris, and was delighted to hear that you had arrived."

"Hear!" said Lady Betty. "Of course she has been the reigning belle!"

"I daresay!" he assented. "There were half-a-dozen fellows hanging about her!"

"And how was she looking?" enquired Lady Betty.

"Looking! Oh, very well! Stop, though; I thought she was not looking quite herself. But Blanche is never rosy."

They had reached the drawing-room door by this time, and a couple of footmen, in dark purple livery, opened it, and ushered them in.

It was an immense room, furnished in the latest style, and so admirably arranged that, large as it was, it looked warm and comfortable.

Dozens of people were moving to and fro, or gathered in seats or standing groups, and the hum of voices was like that one hears in a picture gallery or in the foyer of a theatre.

But the hum almost ceased as the three entered, and Floris felt all eyes turned upon them.

With the self-unconsciousness which distinguished him, Lord Norman appeared quite unaware of the sensation their entrance had caused, and exchanged greetings with one and another in his cool, impassive manner, the thin coat of armor which he always threw off when he was alone with Floris.

Floris and Lady Betty were soon surrounded; it was generally understood that Floris was to be the lady to be specially honored this autumn at Ballyfloe, and the worldlings were eager to pay their homage.

Another girl might have been rendered vain, might have been in danger of having her head turned, by the attention and adulation lavished upon her; but as usual Floris received and often parried it with her simple, unassuming modesty.

Presently from the other end of the room entered Lady Blanche.

She was splendidly dressed, as usual—with greater care perhaps than usual—and as she glided towards them many a glance of admiration was directed towards her.

With a sweet smile, that was almost child-like in its gladness, she came up to the group and kissed Floris.

"I am so glad you have come!" she murmured. "We have all been expecting you so eagerly. The party has seemed quite incomplete, hasn't it, Sir Joseph?"

"I know not seems! It was!" he said, misquoting "Hamlet," with a stiff little bend of his head over his high collar. "No one has looked forward to Miss Carlisle's arrival more keenly than myself."

"Now we shall have the promised ball and the theatricals, and our luncheon in the deer park!" said Lady Blanche, smiling.

"Yes, we must show Miss Carlisle some stag shooting," said Sir Joseph, as if she were an empress. "In fact we must try our hardest to keep her amused in this wild spot."

Luckily for Floris, who was rather at a loss for a suitable acknowledgment of this marked attention, dinner was announced, and the throng of people which had now filled the room, began moving towards the dining-room, which had been the old banquet hall of the Scotch earls who had built the place.

It was not until the dinner—a grander banquet than any that in all past ages had merited the name—had commenced, that Floris noticed that Lady Blanche was not looking so well as when she had seen her for the first time in her box at the opera.

It was not that she had grown pale, or that the beautiful brown eyes were less bright; but the change, for there was a change, was noticeable in the expression of the eyes, and in the sweet thin, proud lips.

There was a look of thoughtfulness almost amounting to care in the eyes, and a strange, proud smile on the lips that Floris had thought incapable of expressing aught but complete and perfect repose.

Once during the dinner, as she was listening to Lord Norman, who was talking to Lady Glenlooma, Floris looked up and caught Lady Blanche's eyes fixed on her face with a curious expression.

It was not one of dislike exactly, but rather one of close watchfulness. Of course, it instantly changed to a smile, but that the look had actually shone in her dark eyes Floris felt assured.

Someone else noticed it also, for as the ladies trooped off to the drawing-room, Floris felt Lady Betty's fan on her arm, and heard her whisper—

"How strange she looked to-night—Blanche, I mean!"

"Strange?" said Floris.

"Yes," said Lady Betty, pulling her down on to an ottoman. "I have never seen her look like that."

"Do you mean that she looks ill?" asked Floris, recalling the glance that she had detected and conscious of a curious sense of uneasiness.

"N—o," answered Lady Betty, screwing up her eyes thoughtfully. "Not ill so much as worried. Only those who know her so well as I do would have detected it; but then I do know her so well. She looked to me exactly like someone who has a secret care, some weight on their minds, and as if she were anxious to throw it off but could not succeed. Do you know I'm afraid Blanche is up to mischief"! and Lady Betty glanced from under her lids to where Lady Blanche leant back in a comfortable chair in an attitude of perfect, graceful indolence and content.

Floris laughed.

"Up to mischief! What a strange thing to say! What mischief can she do or want to do?"

Lady Betty shook her head.

"I don't know. I can't say."

Floris looked round at her rather gravely, with a little wrinkle on her white brow.

"Aren't you inclined to be unjust to Lady Blanche?" she said, gently. "You don't like her, you know——"

"No, I don't. We never could get on," assented Lady Betty, "and I am always suspicious of her; but I daresay I am unjust—oh, I've no doubt I am. After all, what mischief can she do?" and she looked at Floris thoughtfully.

Floris shook her head.

"What indeed!" she said, laughing. "One would think, hearing us talk, that she was a naughty school-girl in perpetual danger of playing some trick or other!"

"Hem!" said Lady Betty "Hush! here she comes," and she got up to make room for Lady Blanche.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

SEVEN SERMONS.—A minister in a Scottish parish had only seven sermons, which were given in regular order. His flock began to murmur at these repetitions, and one of the elders was deputed to call on him and ask for a change. Next Sabbath the elders were invited by the pastor to meet him in the vestry after service. This meeting took place, when the pastor said, "Friends, I am called in question regarding the sermons I have preached for many years, it being alleged I have preached them so often you all have them by rote. Now, I won't be too hard upon you; so, John" (turning to one of the eldest), "just repeat the sermon I preached to-day." John and the rest of his brethren were thoroughly nonplussed — not a syllable could they utter. "Well, well," said his reverence; "I see I must preach them a few years longer ere I can say you have learned them thoroughly."

Bric-a-Brac.

ESCULAPIUS.—The term "Disciple of Esculapius" is applied to a medical practitioner, student in medicine, etc. The origin of the phrase is found in Greek mythology, Esculapius being represented as the god of medicine, and the inventor of the healing art.

HALF MAST.—The custom of placing flags at half mast in honor of the dead is lost in the mazes of antiquity. It certainly dates back as far as the old Roman wars, and is probably almost as old as the flags themselves. The custom originated probably from the lowering of flags in token of the sorrow of defeat.

THE LETTER "E."—The following lines contain every letter in the alphabet except e, the one usually employed more than any other—

"A jovial swain may rack his brain,
And tax his fancy's might;
To quiz is vain, for 'tis most plain
That what I say is right."

BIRD WISDOM.—A pair of martins once built their nests in a porch; and when they had young ones, it happened that one of them, climbing up to the hole before he was fledged, fell out, and, lighting upon the stones, was killed. The old birds, perceiving this accident, went and got short bits of strong straw, and stuck them with mud, like palisades, all round the hole of the nest, in order to keep the other little ones from tumbling after their poor brother.

THE HEDGE HOG.—The hedge hog is very fond of fruit, and adopts a curious way to obtain it. It is known that they often climb walls and run off upon low boughs, and instead of scrambling down in the same manner, they boldly make the leap from the top to the ground, sometimes ten or twelve feet. They coil into a ball in the air, strike upon their armor of spikes and bound away unharmed. In taking this jump they have been seen to stride upon fallen fruit, which, thus impaled upon their spines, was carried away by them.

THE TADPOLE.—A tadpole, the larva of a frog, has a tail and no legs, gills instead of lungs, a heart precisely like that of a fish, a horny beak for eating vegetable food and a spiral intestine to digest it. With the approach of maturity the hind legs appear, then the front pair; the beak falls off, the tail and gills waste away; the lungs are created; the digestive apparatus is changed to suit the animal diet; the heart becomes reptilian in type by the addition of another auricle; in fact, skin, muscles, nerves and blood-vessels vanish, being absorbed atom by atom, and a new set is substituted.

A LUCKY FIND.—An English servant maid one day found some paint on a window which she could not wash off, so she took a smooth pebble and some sand and scoured away until the paint was removed. But it also "frosted" that portion of the glass, and this was precisely the result which glass manufacturers had been trying in vain to get for many years. The accident gave them the correct idea, and led to the invention of a machine, whereby wet sand and pebbles are shaken over the smooth surface of glass to produce the effect called ground or frosted. It is then ready for the artist, who draws his pattern on it in black crayon lines, after which the grinder takes it in hand. He sits before a revolving grind-stone which has been turned to an edge hardly wilder than the blade of a table knife. This side of the glass on which the pattern is drawn is held on the stone, and the workman must have a true eye and very steady hand. There are twenty-five ground glass factories in the whole United States.

A COUNTRY GIRL'S FORTUNE.—During the troubles in the reign of Charles I. a country girl is said to have come up to London in search of a place as a servant-maid; but not succeeding, she applied herself to carrying out beer from a brewhouse, and was one of those then called "tub-women." The brewer, observing a well-looking girl in this occupation, took her into his family as a servant, and, after a little while, she behaving herself with so much prudence and decorum, he married her; but he died when she was yet a young woman, and left her a large fortune. The business of the brewery was dropped, and the young woman was recommended to Mr. Hyde, as a gentleman of skill in the law, to settle her affairs. Hyde (who was afterwards Earl of Clarendon), finding the widow's fortune very considerable, married her. Of this marriage there was no other issue than a daughter, who was afterwards the wife of James II. and mother of Mary and Anne, queens of England.

EATING.—Enormous eaters are evidently very numerous in the South, judging from the following paragraphs and the like, which are often met with in papers from that section: A citizen of Lakeland, Fla., after eating a hearty supper, then ate some grape fruit weighing 7 pounds, and a watermelon weighing 43 pounds, and then tried to make up a stock company to buy another melon, not being yet satisfied. As given to us, says a Southern paper, the following formed the bill of fare for a luncheon recently eaten by a section hand on the railroad: One can of pears, two pounds; one can of peaches, two pounds, half pound of cheese, half pound of sausage, one can beef, one pound; one can salmon, one pound; one can mackerel, one pound; one pound of soda crackers, one pound of sweet crackers, three ginger cakes 4 by 8, one inch thick, and half a gallon of cider. A young man of Sylvania, Ga., ate 54 apples a few days since on a wager of a nickel.

THE BETTER LAND.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

"I hear thee speak of the Better Land!
Thou call'st its children a happy band:
Mother! oh, where is that radiant shore?
Shall we not seek it, and weep no more?
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fire-flies glance through the myrtle boughs?"
"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies?
Or 'midst the green islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
And strange bright birds, on their starry wings,
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?"
"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it far away in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold,
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand?
Is it there, sweet mother, that Better Land?"
"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy!
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy;
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair,
Sorrow and Death may not enter there;
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom;
For, beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb—
It is there, it is there, my child!"

ON AND OFF.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE WYCHFIELD HORROR," "LOVER AND LORD," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

MR. and Mrs. Chesney were honeymooning in the Isle of Wight.

Having committed the ecclesiastical impropriety of being married in Lent, they were doing penance for it by futile endeavors to enjoy idling about in a British east wind.

And as they had come to Ventnor in search of sun and shelter, they found the double pleasure of being baked when they loitered along the esplanade, or rested on the sunny seats with the invalids, and suddenly caught and scarified by the wind, when they grew tired of the hillside nest, and ventured inland, or walked boldly along the shingly or clayey beaches of the island.

Under this regime, the bride's complexion and the bridegroom's temper suffered about equally, and after a week it became rather hard work to keep up to the proper pitch of felicity.

All the more that they had never professed to be deeply in love with each other, but had married for liking and convenience.

Ada Lifford's father had been in the India Office, and accordingly his orphan daughter enjoyed a small pension until her marriage.

She was taken care of by a rich widowed aunt, but, unluckily for herself, was rather fond of telling everyone that she was independent; and as old Mrs. Lifford lived in every comfort, it was generally reported that Ada had a handsome income of her own, and would come in for all her aunt's money when she died.

Wilfrid Chesney had been a tolerably promising medical student, and had just taken out his license to practise, without having learnt more mischief or less science than usual on the way to it, when he had the misfortune to be left a legacy of $4,000.

He got drawn into speculative investments, and new companies; lost money as a shareholder, and determined to have no more to do with any company in which he had no share in the management; went into two new concerns, as director in one and secretary of another, and gave up his profession in order to devote his whole time to doubling his capital.

The company of which he was secretary collapsed altogether, and that of which he was director did not prove a gold-mine as fast as was expected; whereby it came to pass that three months before his marriage he had made the pleasing discovery that his balance at his banker's was $50, and that his most promising shares could not possibly bring in any dividend for a year.

There was nothing to be done for it but to marry someone with money enough to buy him a practice, and give him a fresh start—for Wilfrid had no mind to go to the dogs, or to be called "Poor Chesney" by his friends.

He and Ada met a few times at the houses of mutual acquaintances, who lived under pleasing delusions about the position of both parties; they liked each other fairly well, and Mrs. Lifford (who was in very weak health) was anxious to see Ada settled.

Hence the present situation of affairs, and therefore are they sitting side by side on one of the benches near the sea, feeling tired and cross, and heartily sick of Ventnor, each wondering how long this sort of thing was going to last, and neither liking to be the first to say so.

"There!" said Ada, jumping up at last. "That miserable young man in the bath-chair has passed six times while we have been sitting here, and I can't stand seeing him a seventh. I do really hate sick men."

"I suppose men have to be sick sometimes as well as women," remarked her husband, rather gloomily. The speech was not a pleasant one to hear from his future ministering angel.

"Then they shouldn't wear scarlet knitted comforters, to make themselves look worse. And they should either get well or die, and not attempt to do the interesting invalid. It is only women that can play that part. Let us go in, do; I am tired of them all, men and women."

"Are you tired of Ventnor?" asked Wilfrid, seizing his chance. "Perhaps you would not care to stay here long?"

"Well, really, since you propose it, I think we might do better. I don't care for knocking about in hotels and trying to make holiday at this time of year, unless we could go quite south, to the Riviera or Naples."

"Suppose we have a regular business talk then, and settle our plans—give up billing and cooing, and take to bills and counting?"

"We haven't been doing so very much of the billing and cooing," said Ada, with a little pout; "it doesn't seem in our line. I daresay the realities of life will suit us better."

Wilfrid did not see his way to reply to this accusation, so he told his wife, with an air of solicitude, that her dress was in the mud.

It is odd that nothing annoys a woman like this kindly-meant warning; for your own sake you may just as well tread on her skirt and tear it, as remark to her that it is sweeping the street.

Ada said "Bother!" picked up the offending fold, and walked slowly on in silence.

On the table of their hotel sitting-room there lay a yellow envelope, directed to Mrs. Chesney.

Ada tore it open, and read a bluntly-worded message from a servant, telling of her aunt's sudden death. She sat down, faint and shocked.

"When did it happen, dear?" said her husband, gently putting his arm round her.

"This morning, quite early," she answered, tearfully. "Oh, I really can't believe it. Poor aunt; she was very kind to me."

"Well, love, she has left you with someone to be kinder to you, I hope. I am sorry for the poor old lady, since you were fond of her. I suppose I ought to go to the funeral."

"Of course you ought," said Ada, much gratified by the little bit of love-making. "There cannot possibly be any hurry, though."

"I'll telegraph to them to let us know all arrangements at once," he said, glad to have something to do. "Cheer up, dear; you're not alone in the world now, as you would have been if she'd died three months ago."

He kissed her and strode out, thankful to be able to light a cigar, and to have got away from her tears without showing any annoyance at them. On the whole, he felt he had come through a severe trial very well.

He had been affectionate and sympathetic with his wife, he had not resented her crying over her aunt, he had spoken properly of the old lady, he was going to see her buried—though he hated funerals, and he was fully determined not to ask a question about the will.

For which reticence he indemnified himself by calculations. Mrs. Lifford had kept a snug villa, three maids, and a man to look after the horse and brougham, a nice garden and greenhouse, had given away money handsomely, and liked good dinners.

"She never did it on less than $1,000," he soliloquised, "and cheap at that. More likely twelve hundred. Hope the capital isn't tied up. I'd rather get a lump sum down, and buy a practice, than live on my wife's income.

"I should only burn my fingers again, dabbling in speculations with a few hundreds, and be always something to the bad. It will be better for me to have something to do, and with money in hand I can start a decent house and a brougham at once, and do the thing properly. It's a very lucky thing for me, and that's a fact; there's no use in humbugging. Old women have got to die; she was a decent old body, and no doubt she is better off. So am I; so there are two of us, and all is for the very best."

In this genial mood he prolonged his stroll and his meditations, and returned to the hotel in about an hour.

Matters were looking more cheerful there also. Ada had done crying, and ordered some tea; there was a good fire, and Wilfrid sat down by it, and took his cup, determined to continue to tread in the paths of virtue, go on sympathising with his wife and not say a word about the will. But fate was too strong for him.

"I was thinking," Ada began, "that as soon as we have had letters in answer to your telegram, we had better go quietly up to town. I shall want to get some mourning at once. It is a great pity, when all my things are new; but then, it is such an inconvenient time of year that I didn't get much. One can't buy summer things in March, you know."

"I suppose not," Wilfrid answered vaguely, wondering whether he had enough money to pay the hotel bill.

"And very likely there will be arrangements about the funeral for you to see to. Dear aunt left directions in her will, I know as to what she wished done; for she often told me that it should be opened before anything was decided."

"Did she tell you how she left her property?"

The words slipped out before he knew that they were coming.

"Oh, she had scarcely anything to leave, you know. She may have put by a little for legacies to the servants, and so on; and there is the silver and the pictures; but all her money goes to my cousin, John Lifford at her death."

"What!"

"You seem surprised. Were you calculating on its coming to me? You made a mistake then; she had only a life-interest in her property."

"I always understood you were to be her heir?"

"You did not understand it from me; I am quite sure I never said a single word about it. Did you marry me for my money?"

"Certainly I did not marry you for money; but I could not have married you if you had not had money."

"Why, haven't you enough money for us both?"

"No, indeed. I shall have plenty by-and-by, when my shares begin to pay; but the plain truth is that at present, if I have as much cash as will pay our bill here, it is all that I can muster."

"And what are we to do?"

"I am afraid we must manage upon your income for one year, and then we shall be all right."

"But my pension was only $50 a year, and it stopped when I was married."

"The deuce!"

Ada burst into tears. Wilfrid walked up and down the room furiously, biting his moustache in savage disappointment, and holding his tongue with difficulty. At last, he flung out of the room, and walked out into the chilly March dusk.

He walked for miles and miles, tiring down his rage, and partly succeeded. His mind was all in a turbid whirl at first, in which he knew only that all the world had been in a conspiracy to delude him. Gradually it cleared a little, and he began to recognise how far he had been self-deceived.

Ada had told him no untruths, that was clear; it was all the doing of those meddling, chatting fools who had told him that she had a fortune, and he had been double-dyed idiot enough to believe them, and hurry to secure it without knowing what he was about.

In this fashion, with endless reiteration and far more emphatic mental expressions, he abused himself and his acquaintances, until he found himself in the outskirts of Newport, having walked nearly across the island.

Here he suddenly discovered that he was dead tired, with the excitement and furious pace at which he had walked; and that it was long past dinner-time.

So he looked for a respectable hotel, ordered dinner, and found that his misfortunes did not prevent him from eating it when it came.

Dinner put a different complexion on matters, as it always does; and by the time that Wilfrid Chesney had finished his dinner, and stretched out his feet to the coffee-room fire, it began again to seem possible that life was not altogether a delusion, and that every hopeful path might not prove a cul-de-sac, in which you must end by knocking your head against a dead wall.

This more cheerful view of things was confirmed by their further course. One or two men dropped into the hotel smoking-room, whom he had met here and there, and exchanged a few words with; he fell into chat with them and their acquaintances cards were sent for, and Nap. became the order of the evening.

Wilfrid had a few sovereigns in his pocket, and was in the humor to be reckless; but his play was good, and his luck was steady.

Shillings soon run into pounds at that very immoral game; the other players grew excited, and raised the points, but Wilfred kept his head and his luck.

When he drove back to Ventnor that night in one of the hotel flies, he had no longer any anxiety about the bill, nor indeed about anything else.

When a man can make twenty guineas in an evening's amusement, why need he care for any old woman's leavings? In whatever fashion Ada had spent the evening, she was sound asleep when he arrived; and so peace and downy slumber sealed up the cataclysmic day which ended the Chesneys' honeymoon.

CHAPTER II.

MRS. LIFFORD'S will proved somewhat to exceed Ada's expectations. She had left her niece residuary legatee; and as she had few debts, a good balance at her banker's, and some small investments, it appeared that when the other legacies were paid, Ada would come in for a couple of hundred pounds in cash, a good many spoons and forks, a genuine Teniers (representing two Dutch boors drinking in a cloud of tobacco-smoke), and a dubious Turner, representing thumb-smudges and sunset glory; besides an annual income from railway shares of twenty-seven pounds ten, as long as the island of Cuba maintained its usual peaceful and prosperous condition.

This was so much more than Wilfrid had expected, when he had once fallen from his heights of happy anticipation, that he grew quite jubilant, and was rather surprised that his wife did not seem to share his good spirits.

In fact, he did not understand her at all. She treated him in a polite and friendly way, but never now seemed to expect to be made love to, or gave him any opening for doing it, if he had been inclined.

They went at once to Mrs. Lifford's house and she occupied herself in looking over stores, clothes, etc., and in making all the arrangements for the break-up of the establishment.

Wilfrid did his duty manfully in moving heavy things for her, and nailing up boxes; and he it was who sold the Teniers, and fought many a battle over the Turner. But he was a good deal puzzled at finding that suggestions about keeping this or that little knick-knack to adorn their own future quarters fell flat; Ada went on steadily packing up everything for sale, and would not be drawn into any talk about what was to come next.

Her husband wondered what on earth she was up to, but thought he might as well let her alone until the legacy was paid, and it was necessary to decide something.

His own reflections were often the reverse of cheerful. They had some money in hand, and Ada's legacy would soon be coming in, as Mrs. Lifford's affairs were simple, and her executor prompt.

But it was only a plank between them and that sea of poverty which is so salt on the lips and so heavy on the limbs of those who carry weight.

Wilfrid had not yet felt its actual touch, but he dreaded the cold plunge. Ada, he owned to himself, was the difficulty. If he were alone, he could go as a ship's doctor, try his luck at the diggings, or turn army surgeon.

There was no reason why he should not be jolly enough; but to drag a wife about the world, and see her growing shabby and sickly and spiritless!

"What a fool I have been!" thought Wilfrid, dolefully. "But I'm in for it now, and I've got to stick to it. I fancy the army is the least altogether intolerable chance, but with a wife it will be just genteel starvation. And if I must have the starvation, I'd rather of the two have it cold without. The gentility, which is supposed to be the sweetener, seems to me just the one thing wanting to make every step down worse than the catastrophe itself."

Matters came to a point at last. The carpets dolefully cumbered the ground which once they covered, in huge bales that seemed to be always in the way; the ottomans had donned canvas surtouts; and the chairs had lost their sociable individuality, and stood in rank, or stacked up one on the other, waiting for the van that was to swallow them up.

The Chesneys sat by the fire in one of the two rooms they used, which alone remained comparatively habitable, and then at last Ada opened her mouth.

"I'm horribly tired, but I think I've done a good day's work."

"Rather," responded her husband. "Only about enough to kill two strong men, and most of it totally unnecessary."

"Because you want me to leave everything to the servants, and a nice mess they would have made of it. In the end you will always find it twice as much trouble not to see to things yourself."

"Oh, no doubt. Only I think that when you have told a woman twice what she is to do, it is more satisfactory to pitch into her for not doing it than to stand over her and see it done. But if you like that way of amusing yourself, my dear, do it by all means."

"Amusing myself!" echoed Ada, with high disdain. "But it is not worth while to argue about that, we have more important things to talk about."

"Well, I think so myself. I don't know that I have gone to the end, and been wise; but even the most improvident of men likes to have an idea where he is going to sleep to-morrow night."

"And have you no ideas on your own account?"

"Plenty, but I've been waiting for you to emerge from your aunt's boxes before I could propound them. One does not feel encouraged to discuss one's future destinies when the partner of them lives with her head in a cupboard."

"I don't know that I feel encouraged to be the partner of your future destinies."

"What on earth do you mean?"

"Do you think your prospects are cheerful?"

"I don't see that they are so bad. We've got something in hand, and something coming in, and I bring home something every evening I get a game. We can go into lodgings for a little, and look about us. I think of going into the army. They have not enough men for their vacancies now, so there will be no trouble. You would like a military life, wouldn't you?"

"When we had to live on your pay! It would be simply genteel starvation."

"I suppose that must be the word for it, for it's exactly what had occurred to myself. But what else is there for us? We may as well put the best face we can on it."

"Yes, there is something else for us to do."

"What, then?"

"Separation."

Wilfrid jumped up from his chair with a force that knocked it down, and began to walk about.

Ada, having launched her torpedo, stitched nervously at some wretched little bit of work, rather frightened about the effect.

"You don't mean that?" he said presently, stopping at the large mantel-piece again.

"I do," she replied, growing bolder; and she laid down her work and looked at him. "The poverty, and the worry, and the wretched struggle of keeping up appearances all belong to our keeping together. Each of us can get on much better alone. You would do very well in the army without a wife. I have a little money, I have friends, and I have wits; I can support myself."

"And what about getting married, and taking each other for better or for worse?"

"Why, you know we never meant it in the least. We agreed to take each other for worse, because we were quite sure that it would turn out for better. That was a condition understood. It has not been fulfilled; and circumstances alter cases."

"Well, you are the coolest little piece of goods I ever heard of!" declared Wilfrid, half angry and half amused.

There was Ada proposing the straight course out of all the ignominious miseries which had been afflicting his imagination, and yet he was vexed with her for proposing it, and in no hurry to take it. To be sure, no man cares to be jilted by his own wife.

"There is no use in being anything but cool. Besides, I have been thinking it over a great deal, and I have called on Mr. Burton about it."

Mr. Burton was Mrs. Lifford's lawyer.

"The deuce you have! You're in a hurry to get rid of your bad bargain. And what will become of your precious plan if I hold to my rights, and say that I choose to keep my wife with me?"

"Why should you?" asked Ada quietly, looking straight at him, as he stood angrily twisting his moustache.

"Why should I?" he echoed loudly. "Because—because——— Why should I want my wife to live with me? What a question for any woman to ask!"

He began walking up and down again, and there was a minute's pause. Then he laughed awkwardly.

"Why should I? Upon my word I don't know."

"You aren't going to say you are in love with me?"

"Might as well be in love with a dissecting-knife at present, it seems to me."

"And I never professed to be in love with you. I don't know whether the sort of thing one reads about in books would make it tolerable to knock about the world always poor and miserable, but I am very sure that nothing else can. You would lose your temper, and I should lose my looks. We should come to hate each other."

"A pleasing picture," muttered Wilfrid to his moustache.

"We've made a mistake, and the best thing we can do is to undo it as far as possible. We shall have a pleasanter remembrance of each other if we say good-bye next week, than if we fret and quarrel through twenty years."

Somehow the little bit of sentiment about saying good-bye touched Ada's feelings, and she began to cry.

Those tears did more than all her arguments. She looked ugly when she was crying—nearly all women do, by-the-by—and Wilfrid hated to see it. He took a few more turns, and then sat down facing her, in a business like fashion.

"Now, look here, Ada; after the way you've been talking, you're far too sensible to go on crying when I'm ready to talk business. I should never have thought of what you have proposed; I have married you, and I'm willing to stick to you, and do my best to maintain you in whatever way I can. But it's true that it's likely to be a very poor way, and if you think that you can do better for yourself, I don't feel that I have a right to hinder you."

"I think of you as well as myself," put in Ada. "It will be best for us both."

"I don't deny that. Of course I shall be freer alone, and have a better chance of getting work. What I don't like is your going out on the world by yourself. But remember it is your own choice."

"Yes," she said, meekly.

"I'll have no lawyer sticking in his claw. I've got nothing to settle on you, and no money to allow you. But if I get any you shall have some."

"Not unless I can't manage for myself," she said. "I mean to."

"I'll give you an address where you can send letters for me, if you want to. But I'm a bad hand at writing."

"That's a half-and-half way of doing things," said Ada. "It would keep us always unsettled. I mean to support myself, and there is no use in keeping up a correspondence. When we say good-bye, you must forget me. I'm only sorry that I can't set you free to marry somebody with a real fortune," she added, with a touch of much spite.

"You seem bent on reconciling me to your plan," he retorted, stormily. "But you shall have your way. You choose not to be my wife, and you shall not. I won't write to you, I won't hear of you; if I see you on the other side of the street, I won't cross it to speak to you. You've made your bed, and you may lie on it; and you can begin to-night. I'm going to the Club."

"I never would have done it, Wilfrid," she cried after him, "if you had loved me."

"Bother! You needn't begin with sentiment now," he said, roughly, as she followed him down the noisy carpetless stairs. "It's rather too late in the day for that."

"I won't be sentimental; but, Wilfrid, let us part friends."

"Oh, of course. We aren't enemies, but as for anything else, the less said about it the better," he answered, desperately plunging into his coat.

She helped him into it. "Good-bye, Wilfrid," she said, looking at him, wistfully.

He caught her in his arms, and kissed her.

"Good-bye, Ada. I—I hope you will never be sorry for this."

The hall-door clanged, and sent its echoes rattling along the bare staircase and the deserted rooms. Ada took her empty heart back to the fireplace, and there, crouched in a heap on the hearthrug, she sobbed again and again.

"I never, never would have done it, if he had only loved me!"

CHAPTER III.

A CLOUDLESS sky and a sapphire sea, of a deeper blue than Mediterranean waters. An amphitheatre of roofs, slated or red-tiled, accented here and there by turrets and towers and church-spires, looking down upon a large harbor well filled with yachts and fishing-vessels, held safe within the long fingers of great wide break-waters.

At the point of the longest of these, brandished defiantly at the distant coast of France, a queer old castle upon a tiny island, which once proudly protected the town behind it, but now would not furnish an hour's amusement to a gunboat.

Prince Albert in cast-iron, patronizing the pier from a granite pedestal. A semi-foreign, semi-English town, quaint and picturesque once, now modernized till there is scarcely a sketchable bit in it; yet not quite spoilt, and keeping its individuality still.

Guernsey. And here it is that we shall meet our friends, the Chesneys.

One of them, at least, is visible now; for the fair little lady in black, walking along the pier beside a bath-chair is certainly Ada. Two years have passed since she parted from Winifred, and they seem to have done her good rather than harm. She was merely good-looking then, but she is pretty now.

Her black (of that type which may be either mourning or choice, and commits the wearer to nothing) is becoming to her, and she seems to be in capital health.

Just at present she looks mildly and politely bored as she goes on doing remarks for the benefit of an old gentleman in the bath-chair; but some boredom is the lot of most people in this world, and whatever has fallen to her share seems to have agreed with her. The invalid whom she has in charge is a gentle looking, yellow-face man, well on the other side of sixty.

"Shall we go out on the North Arm now, Mr. Plympton," she asks, "or would you rather have the chair drawn into the shade for a little? I am afraid the heat is rather too much for you."

"My head aches a good deal," he answered in a mild plaintive voice, "and the glare is rather trying. But we mustn't complain, must we? If I don't like the sun, I can go into the shade; and that is more than these poor fellows at work out there can do." He nodded at a group of laborers engaged on some of the never-ending finishings which the new seemed to be always requiring.

"Well, let us go into the shade, then," said Ada, thinking to herself that if she could cart stones she would not envy anyone who was wheeled in a bath-chair. Accordingly, they turned to the group of shrubs planted below what is known as the Fort Hill, on the top of which are the barracks.

"We should always look on the bright side, shouldn't we?" continued Mr. Plympton. "Now, there are those poor fellows, roasted in the sun, toiling beyond their strength, perhaps, for their wives and children. They were up and at work long before I left my bed this morning, and they must not leave off to sit and cool in this nice refreshing shade. The heat and the labor make the thirsty, and so they go into the public-house and spend their hard-earned wages on liquor; and then I, who have been doing nothing but make myself comfortable all day, call them drunkards, and sentence them to prison. I am ashamed of myself."

Ada glanced towards the victims. The only one whom she could see was sitting on the shaft of a cart, with his cap off smoking a pipe.

"Isn't that looking very much on the dark side?" she said. "This sort of life is what those men have been used to; they don't feel it as you would. I don't think they look as if they minded the heat at all; whereas, you know, it does really upset you. And I am sure you never sentence anybody to anything, except me to go to bed when I want to sit up with you."

"I did when I was a magistrate," he replied, shaking his head sorrowfully over the Rhadamanthine past. "It was hard to know what to do; because, you know, when they got drunk they used to beat their wives. One had to give them a lesson sometimes. But I generally paid their fines myself," he added, brightening up again.

"And these Guernsey laborers need not get drunk unless they choose," suggested Ada. "They can get temperance drinks at the coffee-house close by."

"So they can, so they can," Mr. Plympton assented. "But the soldiers at drill can't. What a day for marching about in the open field, dressed up tightly in heavy cloth uniforms! I suppose poor Freddy is doing that now. I do hope the dear boy will not get a sun-stroke; he looks strong, but I have no faith in his constitution. And he takes no care of his health. Of course, a young man with a profession can't fuss about himself all day as I do," he ended with a gentle sigh.

Ada was accustomed to these self-upbraidings, and knew that to establish Mr. Plympton in his own good opinion was a hopeless task. At this moment, however, she caught sight of a figure descending the winding paths which led down the face of the hill from Fort George to the pier.

"I do believe that is he coming down now," she exclaimed. "Look, Mr. Plympton; here are your lorgnettes."

"What good eyes you have, my dear! To make him out at all that distance! What it is to be young! But I mustn't complain. I had my youth once, and I am afraid I made a very bad use of it. Yes, it is Freddy. I hope he won't slip; that path is so steep."

In a few minutes the object of all these solicitudes was by their side, a plump, red-faced, extremely jovial youth of about three-and twenty, who looked more than equal to the task of taking care of himself.

"Hallo, uncle, how d'ye do? Good morning, Mrs. Chesney. Saw you from the top, and thought I'd have a scud down, to see how you were enjoying yourselves this fine day. Jolly weather, isn't it?"

"Very fine, dear boy; but thought you would find it hot at your drill."

"Well, it wasn't exactly cool, but it might be hotter. Bless you, I don't mind it; it does take me down a bit, it's good for my figure. You graceful creatures who have nothing to lose must take care of yourselves."

"So we have been doing," said Ada; "this is a nice place to sit."

"Are you too much in love with it to leave it?" asked Freddy. "Because there's a splendid yacht coming into the roads, and I want to have a look at her. I fancy I know her cut. I'm just going out to the North Arm to see her come in. You come along, too, uncle, and I'll hold your white umbrella over you. She's worth looking at."

Mr. Plympton would have been wheeled into a furnace to please Freddy; but after all, the North Arm was not a furnace, though the sun was very powerful; for a fresh breeze was blowing from the sea, and bringing in the yacht in question.

Accordingly they left their retirement, and passed again the party of laborers who had already excited his compassion. One of them was mopping his head.

"Poor man," said Mr. Plympton; "how hot he does look! Oh, stop, please, Smith. Freddy, do go down and give those poor men half-a-crown from me to get a drink at the coffee-house—at the coffee-house, mind. No, perhaps you'd better tell them that they can get their worth of it there, and I'll pay as we pass it."

"Uncle," remonstrated Freddy, gravely, "where are your principles? Isn't it my duty to do as I would be done by?"

"Yes, yes, of course; but———"

"And do you think that I would have any fellow come and mock me with offers to treat me to lemonade and cold tea? I couldn't do it, uncle; I shouldn't have the face. If it were champagne, now, with a lump of ice in it,—or brandy-and seltzer, or even shandy-gaff, my conscience might sanction the act.

"To be sure, shandy-gaff could not do them much harm," said Mr. Plympton irresolutely.

"They could not get it without going to a public-house," said Ada. "Your plan is much the best, Mr Plympton; and as my conscience is not on the side of brandy-and-seltzer, I'll carry it out, if you'll just give me your card and the half-crown."

Freddy perceived that he was to consider himself snubbed, and when Ada returned from transacting the affair, he wore an air of the deepest dejection. In ostentatious silence he walked beside his uncle to the end of the pier, and there they stopped, and looked out to sea.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

WITH WILD DOGS.—"The day was just breaking," writes an old hunter, "and as my waking senses came to my assistance, my ears were saluted by a sound so strange that at first I had my doubts about being awake. I rubbed my eyes, and soon convinced myself that I was not in the land of dreams.

"Not far away lay three buffaloes, which we had shot dead by moonlight, and around the carcasses were collected a troop of wild dogs.

"I say collected around the carcasses. I might say that the whole open plain was full of them. Perhaps some fifty of them, perhaps a hundred, were tearing away at the fallen game, while the others, beyond my power to number, were dashing to and fro, snapping and snarling and yelping. I do not think I overstate the matter when I say that there were a thousand of them in the troop. They were wolfish-looking beasts, with sharp snouts and pricked ears, and covered with coarse, shaggy hair. As soon as I arose in my hole three platoons of them came dashing towards me, growling most ferociously. It was light enough for me to see that the dead buffaloes were being ruddily devoured, and I had no doubt that the ravenous beasts would devour me with the keenest relish if they could once get a taste of my blood.

"When I saw the troop advancing towards me, I confess that, for the moment, my knees shook and my heart throbbed painfully. If the savage snarling, snapping imps attacked me how was I to defend myself? I should be torn to pieces instantly. I looked towards my mate Harry's hole, and saw him standing up, with his rifle in his hand; but the dogs had not yet paid attention to him. About fifty of the ugly animals came close to my hole—came so near that I could almost feel their hot breaths—and there stopped and snuffed. I held my breath, and grasped my rifle for a club. But the dogs did not touch me at that turn. In a few seconds they wheeled about, and dashed away towards where their companions were feasting upon the buffaloes; but there was no room for them at that board, and they soon came back again, this time advancing almost to the edge of my hole, and growling more furiously than before.

"Gentle reader, were you ever attacked by a single hound or mastiff? Or did you ever find yourself brought to a standstill by a faithful watch-dog? Do you remember how you shrank away in fear and trembling? Then think of me in my present situation, and do not wonder that I had some misgivings.

"However, it never was my nature to give up while strength lasted; and as the dogs came close to me, and stopped again, I began to collect my senses, and to reason. The simple killing of two or three hundred of their number would have availed nothing. Physical force, such as I could command would have been but as a straw against a whirlwind. I had but one hope. I might have moral power enough to overawe the rascals, and then put them away. At all events, if I could not overcome them by such session, I must myself be overcome; so I determined to try it. Gathering my energies for the effort, I leaped up from my hole, and swung my arms around, and shouted with all my might. The dogs drew back and stopped their noise. Then I shouted again and discharged my rifle into the air. At this the troop turned their tails towards me, and fled away as fast as their legs would carry them. In a few moments more Harry joined me, and as success thus far had given us both confidence in our power, we made a sounding charge upon those that remained by the carcasses, and they fled like so many sheep, and were soon lost to sight in the wood.

"Our three buffaloes were about done for, there being little left besides bones and torn shreds of coat and hide; but we did not mourn over our loss. The adventure with the wild dogs furnished a better page for our diary than could the capture of a few buffaloes have done.

"Returning to camp, we learned that our friend Gilroy had not put in an appearance. We went in search of him, and found him literally 'up a tree,' while beneath him, upon the ground, was a troop of wild dogs, leaping and snapping, and growling and barking, as though they would tear him in pieces the moment they got hold of him. A very slight show of resolution on the part of Harry and myself sent the dogs a galloping off into the forest; and when Gilroy saw that his tormentors were gone, he came down. He was pale and cold, and his limbs were so stiff that he could hardly stand, though a little exercise soon limbered him up.

"He told us that he had been in that tree more than five hours. He had lost his way on his attempted return to the camp, and while groping about in the dark he had heard the tramp of wild animals. He found a tree and succeeded in getting clear of the earth just as the pack came up. At first he had supposed them to be wolves, and he was not undeceived until daylight revealed to him their true character.

"As we returned to our wagons I related to Gilroy the passage which Harry and I had had with the same sort of animals; but we would not allow him to flatter himself with the idea that his adventure would make a very brilliant page in the record of his experience, though he was inclined to think that he had had a very narrow escape from a horrible death."

SIBERIAN MINES.—The exiles who live in the mines of Russian Siberia, are convicts of the worst type and political offenders of the best. The murderer for his villainy, the intelligent and honest Polish rebel for his patriotism, are deemed equally worthy of the punishment of slow death. They never see the light of day, but work and sleep all the year round in the depths of the earth, extracting silver or quicksilver under the eyes of taskmasters who have orders not to spare them.

Iron gates, guarded by sentries, close the lodes, or streets, at the bottom of the shafts, and the miners are called off from one another in gangs of twenty. They sleep within rock-hewn recesses—very kennels—into which they must creep on all fours. Prince Labountski, who was authorized to visit one of the mines of the Ural at a time when it was not suspected that he would publish an account of his exploration in French, has given an appalling account of what he saw.

Convicts racked with the joint pains which quicksilver produces; men whose hair and eyebrows had dropped off, and who were gaunt as skeletons, were kept to hard labor under the lash. They have only two holidays a year, Christmas and Easter; and all other days, Sundays included, they must toil until exhausted nature robs them of their limbs, when they are hauled up to die in the infirmary.

Five years in the quicksilver pits are enough to turn a man of thirty into an apparent sexagenarian, but some have been known to struggle on for ten years. No man who has served in the mines is ever allowed to return home. The most he can obtain in the way of grace is leave to come up and work in the roadways, and it is the promise of this favor as a reward for industry which operates even more than the lash to maintain discipline. Women are employed in the mines as sifters, and get no better treatment than the men.

Polish ladies by the dozens have been sent down to rot and die, while the St. Petersburg journals were declaring that they were living as free colonists and, more recently, ladies connected with Nihilist conspiracies have been consigned to the mines in pursuance of a sentence of hard labor. It must always be understood that a sentence of Siberian hard labor means death.

Four millions of false teeth are manufactured in this country every year.

THE LIGHT WITHIN

BY WILLIAM MACKINTOSH.

How many gaze while donning their attire
Within the glass to note if aught's awry!
Who only ask that others may admire
Or draw the giddy and the selfish eye.

Were they but with like anxious care to scan,
The conscience fair and mirror ever true
Which pictures clear the worst defects, then man
Might plainly see his errors and subdue.

Might keep sustained the holy guide within—
For robes of right the brightest, whitest, glows,
And thus the smile of just approval win
From fairer source than all this world bestows.

A Cruel Vengeance.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HIS WEDDED WIFE," "LADYBIRD'S PENITENCE," "WE KISSED AGAIN," "ROBIN," "BUNCHIE," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

"AND you will be gone three days, Frank?"

Frand de Walden smiled at the pathetic little sigh that finished the sentence, and May Verner laughed aloud.

"You foolish child," she said, gathering up her working materials and preparing to leave the lovers alone, "do not you know that it will be an unmitigated blessing to have Frank safely disposed of for the next few all-important days? Even if he were not in duty bound to obey Sir George's summons, I should still say, Go."

"Abdicate in favor of the milliners, in fact," Frank observed, watching the brisk movements of his future sister-in-law with lazy content.

He was very fond of May; but just now a tete-a-tete with Essie seemed a thing most desirable in his eyes.

"Exactly; and unless you wish Mrs. Frank de Walden's trousseau to be lamentably incomplete, you will rather prolong than shorten your visit," May said, and disappeared with a laughing nod.

"Is May right, Essie?" Frank asked, turning to his little sweetheart. "Do I keep you from the serious duties of life? No"—he stooped and kissed the pretty upturned face—"your first duty is to me."

"And yours to Sir George," Essie answered, with a pout; but the pout was all playful, though there was a suggestion of tears in the eyes that were as blue as April skies, though fringed with jet-black lashes.

They were a handsome couple, and formed a pretty picture as they sat on the flower-filled terrace of the picturesque river-side house—he tall, strong, gray-eyed, and fair-haired, she small and slender, with fine jet-black hair and pretty pale skin, that seemed to give, by force of contrast, an intensity and depth of color to the innocent blue eyes.

Frank looked meditatively at the river glistening like molten gold in the sunset glow, and bright with pleasure-boats of every kind, before he answered her last pettish remark. Then he said, with a little laugh—

"Well, I suppose I do owe him some duty, Essie, though hitherto he has not given me much opportunity of paying my debts. I never was so surprised in my life as when I received his note."

"I thought he telegraphed?"

"So he did, on his arrival in England, and wrote by the following post. Let me see I must have his letter. Ah, here it is! Rather a mysterious epistle too for such a steady-going old fellow as my respected uncle."

And Frank placed the paper he extracted from his large pocket-book in the girl's hands.

She turned it over and over with a puzzled look, then began to study its contents.

"Read it aloud, Essie," the young man broke in; and, while he lounged lazily upon the balustrade and looked out over the smooth-shaven green lawn to the glittering water beyond, the clear girlish voice read out the following letter—

"My dear Nephew,—When you wrote to me three weeks ago, announcing your engagement to Miss Esther Verner, you thought, I suppose, that you were performing a conventional civility to your father's brother, and never guessed how deep an interest the news would have for him. Of course it was news to be expected. A good-looking young fellow like you, with many advantages, natural and acquired, was surely looked upon as a prize in the matrimonial market.

"Do you take that sentence to heart, Miss Essie?" Frank put in gravely; but Essie went on demurely.

"And I was at one time afraid that, relying too securly upon your expectations, you might have made an imprudent choice of a wife. This however does not seem to be the case. I take your word for Miss Verner's lovable and amiable qualities, the photograph answers for her grace and beauty; and, as the world calls her father a rich man, I suppose she adds to her other attractions the solid and lasting charm of wealth."

* * * * *

Essie Verner looked up from the paper with a sudden flush, and found that angry glow reflected in her lover's face.

"He is dreadfully practical," Frank said, with rather a nervous smile; "but parents and guardians will be like this to the end of the world."

"I suppose so," Essie agreed, shaking her dark head dolefully. "Perhaps papa would have refused me to you if you had not been Sir George de Walden's heir."

"I think the 'perhaps' is more than probable," Frank answered drily. "Indeed I hardly think I should have found the courage to ask him to give his beautiful daughter to a briefless barrister."

"Then you would have done the 'beautiful daughter' a cruel wrong," the girl said, in a shy half-whisper, and with a quick and eloquent upward glance that, as a matter of course, brought her lover to her side and, for a while at least, interrupted the reading of the letter.

"Now do let me finish, Frank," she said at last. "Papa will be home immediately, and then you must talk to him. I do so want to know what more your uncle has to say. I have lost my place. Ah, here it is!"

"By the time this reaches you, I shall be in England—at the Court; and I request, as a particular favor, that you will join me there at once, as there are some business-matters that must be settled between us without further delay. Remember me to Miss Verner, whose acquaintance I shall hope soon to make, and believe me now, as heretofore,

"Your affectionate uncle,
"GEORGE DE WALDEN."

"What a strange letter!" Essie said, handing it back. "But Sir George is rather a strange man, is he not?"

"Well, yes, I suppose so; but I cannot say I remember him very clearly. He has led a wandering life, you know, and only settled down to his hermitage near Naples within the last three years. I have since then thought several times of running over to see him; but——"

"But what?" Essie echoed curiously, as her lover paused, with a slight shrug of the shoulders and a meditative twist of his moustache. "Would he not have been glad to see you?"

"Well, he never evinced any eagerness on the point. In fact, this is the first invitation he ever sent me."

"What a shocking old creature! And you are his only relative—his own brother's child! If he does not care for you, what can he care for?"

"Rather a difficult question to answer," Frank said, smiling at the girl's indignant face. "Coins, brasses, antiquities of every kind perhaps, for he is a Doctor Schliemann in a small way; but, on the whole, it would be much easier to tell you what he hates."

"Tell me, then."

"Your sex generally," Frank answered gaily. "He is a misogynist of the most confirmed and awful description, and therefore I am the more surprised that he should write so civilly of you."

"It is never too late to mend. Perhaps he has changed his views. At any rate, I shall try to convert him," Essie cried, with a little confident nod.

And, looking at the pretty creature in her soft dress of creamy pink, with coral knots and buttons that set off the clear pallor of the skin, the dusky locks and bright blue eyes, Frank thought proudly and fondly that his dainty love would find the subjugation of any man, even a gruff old woman-hater like his uncle, an easy task.

But he could not discuss the matter further, for just then Mr. Verner and his elder daughter came out upon the terrace, and the conversation naturally took a more general character.

Mr. Verner was a big, florid, fair man, stamped, as it were, with a sort of hall-mark of success.

Somehow it was impossible to be in his presence an hour without feeling that he was very rich, and had accumulated all his money by his own unaided exertions, though why that conviction should be borne in upon one it was not quite so easy to say.

There was nothing of pompous self-assertion in his manner, nothing of boasting in his quietly-correct speech; but, in some way, the impression was given, and it was correct.

If Constantine Verner had not absolutely entered London with the traditional half-crown of the prospective millionaire as his sole possession, he had at least spent several years of sordid poverty within it before fortune vouchsafed him the faintest and most wintry smile; but he had from the first a calmly confident belief in himself and his own future; and, when the occasion for which he had long waited came, he seized it at once.

A small successful speculation was followed by a greater; "Verner's luck" became proverbial upon 'Change, and the unknown struggling man developed into a social celebrity.

Those struggling days lay very far back in his life now; May and Essie knew nothing of them.

He had not married until the clouds began to break; their lives had been wholly spent in the sunshine of prosperity, and their only grief as yet had been their mother's death, which had occurred about three years back.

People rather wondered that Mr. Verner, who had no heir to carry on his name and succeed to his great possessions, did not marry again; but he announced frankly that he was content with his girls, and meant to devote the remainder of his life to them.

"If heaven had sent me a son, well and good," he would say in his more expansive moments. "I should like to think that I had left a Constantine Verner behind me; but Heaven has not so pleased, and I have received too many good gifts to grumble because one more is denied me. Esther and May are good and pretty girls, not likely to disappoint my just and reasonable hopes; and, if they only marry to please me, I shall be quite satisfied to share my fortune between them"—an announcement that naturally brought a crowd of courtiers and aspirants, eligible and the reverse, about the pretty co-heiresses' heels.

Fortunately for them however—for they had as yet no conception of the strength of their father's will and the terrible consequences of incurring his displeasure—they had both chosen to please him, and with their future, as his roseate fancy planned it, he was blandly and smilingly content.

"May, of whom I expected less, has done me the greter credit," he would say, leaning back in his big chair, and joining his finger-tips lightly, as he surveyed the situation serenely with his mind's eye. "Lord Croxford is of course unexceptionable in every way; moreover, she really cares for him, which is remarkable in such a match. Now Essie—ah, my little Essie might have done better, so much admired as she was too!

"But I have not the heart to cross that child's whim. Moreover, De Walden is a fine young fellow, of excellent family and prospects; there is nothing against him but his present lack of means, and that my daughter need not mind. Sir George cannot live for ever, and then little Essie will be Lady de Walden of De Walden Court. Well, well, the 'whirligig of time' plays us strange pranks! What would my good plodding old father have said had any one told him that his grandchildren would be, the one a peeress, the other a baronet's wife?"

Having thus philosophically reconciled himself to the match, Mr. Verner received his future son-in-law not only graciously, but with distinguished consideration, and made no objection to the early marriage for which Frank pleaded, provided that Sir George de Walden, on his side, had nothing to say against it.

"For you will of course ask your uncle's consent; he may have other views for you," Mr. Verner said, with a stateliness at which Frank inwardly and irreverently laughed, though he answered with perfect gravity that he had already written on the subject, but was assured of his uncle's consent.

"So Sir George has answered your letter in person?" Mr. Verner said, when the girls had left the table, and the two men sat alone over their wine, the elder peeling a peach with much deliberation, the younger casting longing glances out at the terrace, where Essie and May sat chatting in the soft dusk.

"In person and on paper too, sir; he wishes me very much to run down to the Court."

"But makes no objection to the marriage?"

"On the contrary, he expresses the warmest approval, admires Essie's photograph, and, in short, writes very pleasantly indeed," concluded Frank, thinking that, on the whole, it was better to summarise the letter than read it just at present; and Mr. Verner received the summary with a well-pleased smile.

"Teen, as he comes to bless and not to ban, we must take his promptitude as a great compliment. Of course you go to him at once?"

"Of course. It will be rather queer to see the old place alive again. It looked like the palace of the Sleeping Beauty the last time I was down there."

"De Walden Court is very old, I believe?" Mr. Verner asked, with an anticipative pride in the historic grandeur of his Essie's future home; but Frank answered carelessly—

"Not very—Elizabethan only; but it is a picturesque old place, and I cannot think what made my uncle neglect it so long."

"Well, the neglect is over for a time at least," said the other, pushing back his chair, and rising in pity for the lover's manifest impatience. "You will convey my compliments to Sir George, Frank, and, as, I suppose, it will be necessary that we old fogies should meet, assure him of a hearty welcome here."

Frank nodded assentingly; but it is doubtful whether he quite knew to what proposition he agreed, for the next moment he was out in the moonlight bending eagerly over Essie's chair.

"At last!" the girl cried, lifting her soft reproachful eyes to his. "Oh, Frank, how long you have been!"

"And I have grudged every moment," he answered eagerly; "but we were talking business, sweetheart, and now the task is over and my reward has come."

"Yes, but this time to-morrow!" the girl said, with a little involuntary shiver. "Do you know, I have a superstitious dread of this visit, Frank."

Frank only laughed, and kissed the pretty jeweled fingers that tightened on his then; but afterwards he recalled the words with a strange superstitious thrill, and wondered whence that shadowy warning came.

CHAPTER II.

"MR. De Walden, Sir?"

The man touched his hat, and came across the platform with an interrogative look, as, hot and dusty with his long journey, Frank alighted at the quaint little road-side station which was the nearest point to De Walden Court.

There were few passengers, and these few were villagers, so the servant's discriminatory powers were not severely taxed in picking out the stranger guest.

"Yes, I am Mr. De Walden. I hope Sir George is well."

"Quite well, sir, but a little undone by his late journey. He has sent the dog-cart, sir, as he could not come himself."

Frank nodded, and, as he gathered up the reins, found himself vaguely wondering what it was that struck him as strange in the speaker's tone and look.

The man was a perfectly well-bred English servant, with the civilly reserved speech and automatic movements peculiar to his class; but either Frank imagined it, or the dull wide eyes rested on his face with a momentary glance of curiosity and compassion.

"Pshaw! I am getting as nervously fanciful as my little Essie!" the young man thought, with a smile at his own folly as the cart bowled briskly along through the green luxuriant country that lay between the station and the Court. "I could never lecture her with any show of propriety again if she only knew that I indulged in whims and phantasies too."

It was nearly six when they drew up before the old gray-stone house clothed from basement to turret with ivy, and bathed in a rosy sunset glow that made the small pointed windows glitter with a jewel-like lustre from their dark setting.

On the lowest of the three terraces that ran along the wide front of the house two tall peacocks spread out the iridescent splendor of their tails, erected their graceful heads and star-crowned crests, and screamed a discordant welcome.

"The raven himself is hoarse that croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan under my battlements," Frank murmured sotto voce, and then he scolded himself for the mal-a-propos quotation that had come unbidden to his lips, and ran lightly up the steps to join Sir George, who stood on the upper terrace.

"Welcome to the Court, Frank," said the elder man. "And welcome home, sir," cried the younger, in a breath, and then they looked into each other's faces, and again that curious sensation of being studied and compassionated came over Frank de Walden's mind.

"What a conceited dunce I am to-day!" he decided almost angrily. "Of course, after such an absence, he studies me a little bit. Am not I studying him? Very well he looks too, on the whole, though he seems a little more nervous and shaky than I thought him in the old days; perhaps his years begin to tell."

"You look well and happy, Frank," Sir George said, with something like a sigh, as he turned from the contemplation of his nephew's stalwart figure and bright handsome face, and led the way into the great cool library that lay at the back of the house and looked upon the placid waters of the lake.

Frank laughed, throwing his hat down upon the table and setting himself lightly and easily on the arm of a big chair.

"I was just thinking the same of you, sir. You look—I don't know exactly how to put it—brighter and younger than I saw you last, though that was five long years ago."

Frank spoke the simple truth as it presented itself to his mind.

Had he been dealing in subtle flattery, he must have been pleased with the gratified flush of the handsome old face, the pleased sparkle of the still bright eyes, though Sir George only said deprecatingly—

"Tush, my boy! I am as well as a man of my age can expect to be, that is all; but, to return to you and your prospects."

Frank opened his eyes at this. His own prospects naturally engrossed a large share of his thoughts, and he was anxious enough to discuss them; but, considering that he had but just set foot within the house, that he was thirsty and travel-stained, and even a little confused, his uncle's haste struck him as unseemly and absurd.

"Oh, my prospects are bright enough!" he answered very carelessly. "At this moment I have but one wish to make in the world."

"And that is——"

"To wash off all this dust, and get something to drink."

Sir George turned away, with a smothered exclamation of intense disgust.

"You will find wine and spirits and soda on the side-board," he said impatiently; "and for the rest, I think your 'tub' must wait a little while; there is something I must say to you at once."

Frank only wondered what reason could excuse this frantic haste, but wisely confined all expression of wonder to a brief uplifting of his eyebrows, and listened respectfully while he slaked his thirst.

"Honestly, you are perfectly happy and contented with your lot?"

"Perfectly," the young man answered, lifting the bright face that was in itself the fullest confirmation of his words.

"Miss Verner is a good unselfish girl, who loves you for yourself alone?"

"I am sure of it, though that is rather a strange question, sir," Frank answered, with a sudden flush.

"I know it; but the necessity for putting such questions upset all my plans and brought me home."

"I know that it was awfully good of you to come," Frank murmured, recalling his late movement of indignation with a remorseful twinge; but Sir George frowned, as though the grateful tones annoyed him.

"And Mr. Verner? Is he satisfied with the match?" he asked abruptly.

"I think so, though he might reasonably

have expected something better for Essie, who was the loveliest debutante of the season. Her photograph really gives you no idea of her beauty. She is——"

But Sir George waved the subject of Essie and her charms impatiently away, and pursued that which interested him.

"He knows exactly how things stand with you?"

"Of course; he made himself acquainted with my position and prospects, sir."

"Your position as a man with two hundred a year of independent income? Your prospects at the Bar?" Sir George asked, eyeing the frank face keenly.

For the first time Frank hesitated over his answer, and felt uncomfortable and perplexed.

As a matter of course, the next heir of a recluse bachelor uncle sixty years old looks on himself as secure of the succession, and gives that comfortable security a prominent place among the prospects of which he speaks; and Frank de Walden, being only human, had naturally done as other men would do in his place.

But it was one thing to think this and tacitly allow it to be thought, and quite another to look in the living man's face, and say with brutal frankness—"No, my prospect of succeeding you."

"Can you answer?" the elder man, cried, cutting his uncomfortable meditations short; and Frank answered with an uneasy smile—

"It is an awkward question."

"Let me make it easier, then; and for Heaven's sake answer me frankly. No; that I am sure you will do. Answer me promptly—that is all I ask. Did Mr. Verner give his daughter to you, the young and struggling barrister, with nothing but a shadowy family interest and his own bright wits to help him in the fight, or—to the future Sir Francis, the heir of De Walden Court?"

The blood rushed hotly over Frank de Walden's face, and his heart beat with uncomfortable quickness; but, placed between truth and falsehood, he could not—and he did not—hesitate.

"I am afraid it was to the latter, sir," he said, with a little tremor in his full pleasant voice. "Essie is an angel of unselfishness; but Mr. Verner is a self-made man, who places an inordinate value on such dignities. He does not ask for money—he has abundance of that; but his daughters' husbands must give them a high place in the world. The elder is to marry Lord Croxford, and the younger——"

"Sir George de Walden's heir. Poor Frank!"

Sir George turned away abruptly, and stood perhaps five minutes staring out at the lake, from which all the sunset glow had passed.

Frank could only see his back and the handsome gray head that was still carried with a proud and stately grace, and wondered, with a sort of restless irritation, when he would turn round and speak—explain his enigmatic questioning and still more singular silence in some reasonable fashion.

At last he could endure it no longer. He crossed to his uncle's side; and, as the two stood in the clear revealing light of the wide window, he noticed with surprise the gray pallor that had crept over the fine-featured old face, the troubled appealing look of the gray eyes.

After all, how did he know what troubles weighed upon his uncle's mind, or how much the exertion made for his sake had cost the recluse?

"Why am I 'poor Frank,' and why do you seem so awfully troubled, sir?" he asked brightly; and Sir George looked as though the question relieved him.

"Because—you will hate me when I tell you, Frank."

"I think not; but try me," Frank answered, with a smile.

"Because—you are not my heir."

Frank de Walden put out a hand and caught the back of a tall chair that stood beside him with a steadfast grip, for the room seemed to whirl round in an eccentric fashion, and all the objects in it to mix themselves up in inextricable confusion.

"Not your heir?" he repeated stupidly. "Is it a joke, or——"

"No joke at all. I have been married four years now, and my son, who is of course my heir also, is a fine child, nearly three years old."

An awkward silence followed, during which Frank vainly tried to realize the strange facts he heard, and Sir George to find words that should soften this terrible blow; but these were far to search for and long in coming, and Frank was the first to speak, after all.

"It is rather late to congratulate you sir," he said, struggling gallantly with the sickening feeling of disappointment and defeat, the chill foreboding that oppressed him; "but the fault is not mine."

"No indeed," said the other, squeezing the offered hand tightly, and looking apologetically into the dusky young face. "Frank I have used you shamefully. I never felt that as I feel it to-day."

"You were not sworn to celibacy." Frank broke in with rather a dreary smile.

"No; but I had no right to let you nurse a delusion for four years you might have used so well. Let me think and speak hardly of myself, Frank, just at present; it is my only consolation. By-and-by you shall hear——No—you shall see my excuse."

"Lady de Walden is here then?"

"Yes. After four years of marriage, she has at last seen her husband's home—my poor Anita. I do not know how she will accommodate herself to English ways."

"She is not English?"

"No—an Italian, a mere girl, who, when she married me, knew nothing of my rank or means, and who has lived in contented obscurity hitherto with me and her child. She is—but I will not tell you what she is; you shall judge for yourself. You look pale and tired now, Frank."

"I am a little tired," Frank answered, rousing himself with an effort. "I think I will go to my room and make myself presentable."

Sir George looked wistfully after him, and drew a long breath of relief.

"He bears it well; but the blow is a hard one. Pray Heaven it may not be followed by a worse!" he muttered. "I fear these Verners built too much on the succession. Well, well, I can only do my best!"

CHAPTER III.

"ANITA, this is my nephew, Frank de Walden."

A slender figure rose from the pile of cushions in the centre of the great flower filled room, a shapely hand was extended, with a sort of timid graciousness, and Frank found himself confronting the most beautiful girl he had ever seen.

Yes—even with Esther Verner's lovely face freshly present to his lover fancy, he owned that at once as he gazed with a thrill of admiring wonder upon the girl who had ruined all his hopes and perhaps blighted his life.

His first sensation was one of intense surprise, for, when his uncle spoke of his wife as an Italian, he had promptly imagined a handsome girl of the dusky, flashing-eyed, and raven-haired type; but here he gazed upon a radiant fairness that almost dazzled him, on a face that was almost angelic in its gentle purity.

She was above the ordinary height of women, and looked taller still in her long straight dress of creamy white, with features delicately straight and large serious eyes of a real violet hue.

She had twisted closely about her small noble head a mass of golden hair that waved and glittered and seemed from every silken tendril to reflect the light; her mouth was small and beautifully curved, with the downward droop that gave it in repose a rather sorrowful look; but when, as now, she smiled, its expression was wonderfully sweet.

"My nephew then, is it not?" she said with her pretty foreign intonation and an appealing upward glance; and though the smarting sting of his cruel disappointment of course remained, Frank felt all bitterness die then and there out of his thoughts.

"Your nephew, certainly," he said heartily, "and, I hope, always your true and faithful friend."

"Thank you, my boy!" Sir George's voice was a little husky, and the hand that rested on Frank's shoulder was hardly so steady as it might have been, but the glance his uncle gave him almost repaid the young man for the effort he had made.

Fortunately the summons to dinner put an end to the embarrassing interview, and, despite his troubles and perplexities, Frank found himself enjoying a really agreeable meal.

Both Sir George and his young wife felt that they owed something to the young man who had borne his ill-fortune with so gallant a grace, and both exerted themselves to the uttermost to do him honor, and make him, for a time at least, forget.

So things went on pleasantly enough, until, just as the dessert was placed upon the table and the servants were preparing to withdraw, Sir George met his wife's eyes, and turned to the young man with rather a nervous smile.

"Another introduction for you, Frank. We always have Master Georgie in at this time."

"I am glad to hear it, for I am anxious to make my young cousin's acquaintance," Frank answered promptly; and, as he spoke, the door opened, and the "young cousin" came into the room.

"Come here, George," said his father; but the child ran over to Lady de Walden's side, and, resting his fair curly head against her shoulder, stood watching the stranger with big blue eyes that were at once shy and bold.

"Georgie is not used to seeing people," Anita said apologetically, and Frank smiled and held out both hands as he answered, in a tone of easy confidence—

"But Georgie will come to me."

The child looked doubtfully from under his soft fair curls, but the doubt lasted for a second only; then he ran over frankly to the stranger's side, lifted his cherub face for the stranger's kiss, and, a minute or so later, had climbed upon the stranger's knee, and, with a plate of fruit before him, was chattering away in his broken baby fashion as though to an old friend.

Sir George looked radiantly across at the pair, and, returning his smile, Frank really forgot that he had any trouble on his mind.

He was not surprised as the others were; he had a real love for and sympathy with children, and knew that in turn he possessed a magnetic attraction for them; but this last conquest pleased him in a special fashion.

"He is a noble little fellow," Frank said cordially, and almost without an effort, when, leading her small son by the hand, Lady de Walden had left the room, and the two men were left alone. "A true de Walden, though he has all his mother's beauty."

"You think her beautiful then?"

Frank smiled.

"As to that there can be no two opinions. Her face is perfect, and she is as charming in manner as in face."

Sir George was more than pleased with the words; but he made no immediate comment upon them, only nodded his gray head once or twice, and sipped his claret in a meditative fashion, while Frank stared out into the moonlit splendor of the night with eyes that were full of troubled thoughts and saw nothing of what they gazed upon so intently.

The first keen pang was passed; there was very little bitterness in his heart now; but a growing terror had taken its place. That the cruel change in his prospects would make any change in Essie he never for a moment thought. But what would Mr. Verner say?

Frank shivered as he imagined the man's cold gray eyes and resolute lips when he should hear that his future son-in-law was a poor and prospectless man.

"Frank"—Sir George cleared his throat with a nervous effort, and drew his chair a little nearer the table—"you have behaved very generously, my dear boy; and, though I cannot thank you now, I shall not forget this day's work. I wish to Heaven I had found the courage to tell you two or three years ago!"

How reverently Frank echoed that wish! How much pain that courage would have spared him! But he only smiled, and his uncle went on, in the same embarrassed fashion—

"Of course, you think me an old fool—don't take the trouble to deny that, my good fellow; but you don't yet know what Anita is, or how our marriage came about. Have you patience to hear the story?"

Frank was too kind-hearted to say what was the truth, that his head was still confused and dizzy, and that he could but imperfectly follow the details of any story told to him that night; so he merely murmured a vague assent, and Sir George, who held his chin in the palm of his hand and meditatively stroked the pendant ends of his long gray moustache, was quite content with this encouragement.

"Her father was a doctor, a dreamy, bookish old fellow, who lived in a little fishing-village where I had the good fortune to be laid up with a smart attack of the local fever and ague. I do not think I was ever in any real danger, or that old Salviati treated me with any special skill; but I do know that his daughter nursed me with the most absolute devotion and tender care, and that, when I saw that sweet serious face, with its look of angelic pity, through the feverish mists that hung about me, I thought the Madonna in the old village church had stepped down from her century-old frame to soothe and comfort and heal me.

"Well, the delirious fancy passed as the fever abated, and my reason came back. I knew that Anita Salviati was neither saint nor angel, only a good and beautiful girl to whom ever more than to her father I owed perhaps my life. But I knew much more than this, and the knowledge filled me with such scorn for myself as I am sure you cannot feel for me, Frank."

He paused a moment and watched Frank's face narrowly to see the effect of his words, and then continued—

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TWO GREAT INVENTIONS.—The invention of the valve motion to a steam engine was made by a mere boy. Newcomen's engine was in a very incomplete condition, from the fact there was no way to open or close the valves except by means of levers operated by hand. He set up a large engine at one of the mines, and a boy (Humphrey Potter) was hired to work these valve levers. Although this is not hard work yet it required his constant attention. As he was working the levers he saw that parts of the engine moved in the right direction, and at the same time he had to open and close the valves.

He procured a strong cord, and made one end fast to the proper part of the engine, and the other end to the valve-lever, and the boy had the satisfaction of seeing the engine move with perfect regularity of motion. A short time after the foreman came around, and saw the boy playing marbles at the door. Looking at the engine, he saw the ingenuity of the boy, and also the advantage of his invention. The idea suggested by the boy's inventive genius was put in a practical form and made the steam engine a automatic working machine.

The power-loom is the invention of a farmer's boy, who had never heard of such a thing. He whittled one out with his jack-knife, and after he had it all done, with great enthusiasm he showed it to his father, who at once kicked it to pieces, saying that he would have no boy about him that would spend his time on such foolish things. The boy was sent to a blacksmith to learn his trade, and his master took a lively interest in him. He made a loom of what was left of the one his father had broken up, and showed it to his master. The blacksmith saw that he had no common boy as an apprentice, and that the invention was a valuable one. He had a loom constructed under the supervision of the boy. It worked to their perfect satisfaction, and the blacksmith furnished the means to manufacture the looms, and the boy received half the profits.

In about a year the blacksmith wrote to the boy's father that he should bring home with him a wealthy gentleman who was the inventor of the celebrated power-loom. You may be able to judge of the astonishment at the old home when the son was presented to him as the inventor, who told him that the loom was the same as the model that he had kicked to pieces but a year before.

PROFANITY and politeness never associate together.

Scientific and Useful.

SOOT.—It is said that a piece of zinc placed on the coals of a hot stove will clean out the stove-pipe. The vapor produced carries off the soot by chemical decomposition.

GREASE SPOTS.—Spread two pieces of blotting paper over the grease spot. Then place a warm flat iron over the paper, and let it remain until it cools. Repeat as often as necessary.

BEE-STINGS.—The venom of a bee is acid and to neutralize its effects an alkali should be used when possible. Fine cut and smoking tobacco is said to be a good remedy. A pinch of it moistened and applied to the wound like a sponge gives relief in five or ten minutes.

MAKING KEYS.—When it is not convenient to take a lock apart to fit a new key, the key blank should be smoked over a candle, inserted into the hole and pressed firmly against the opposing wards of the lock. The indentations in the smoked portions made by the wards will show where to file.

MOSQUITOES.—The mosquito crop in Florida is said to be smaller than usual this year, owing to the discovery of a St. John hotel-keeper who tried the experiment of throwing oil into ponds and stagnant bits of water. He found that it prevented the insects from hatching, and his plan is coming into general use in the state.

THE SHOE.—Scientific experiments show that walking or running depends very much upon the size and shape of the shoe, and that strength and endurance as well as gracefulness in this exercise can not be gained without a sensible and well-fitting style. Low heels increase the speed in walking and make the step longer, and soles longer than the foot, if they are not too long, make walking easier.

TO CLEAN WHITE MARBLE.—Mix together one-half pound of pearlash, one-half pound of soft soap and one pound of whiting. Boil them until they become as thick as paste, and let it cool. Before it is quite cold spread it over the surface of the marble, and leave it at least a whole day. Use soft water to wash it off, and rub it well with soft cloths. For black marble nothing is better than spirits of turpentine.

STONE.—Granite is a very poor stone for fire construction, as its intermolecular spaces contain water, which, on being heated, vaporizes into steam, causing the disintegration of the stone. Marble is also a poor material to use, as on becoming heated it is decomposed, carbonic acid and lime being formed. For this reason lintels over doors and windows should never be made of marble, granite or poor sandstone. Preferably, a brick arch should be sprung.

Farm and Garden.

IN BOTTLES.—Gooseberries can be perfectly preserved the year round in common bottles with pure water. See that no broken or crushed berries go into the bottles, but all sound, perfect fruit. Then fill up with cold spring or well water, cork tight and set away in a cool cellar. No sealing is necessary.

MULCHING.—Mulching, to be beneficial, must be a protection. It is not, in a majority of cases, so much the cold as the changing from one to the other that causes the damage. Of course, in many of the more tender plants a good mulch applied in the fall will often save the plant, as with grapes, raspberries, blackberries, etc. If the plants are bent to the ground and then mulched they will live through the winter and yield a profitable crop where if left unprotected they would be winter killed.

FEEDING AND GROWTH.—A New York paper says it is a matter of doubt if the muscular growth of any animal can be hastened by any process of feeding. Fat can be produced, but fat is a diseased condition of the system, and an excessively fat animal would soon die under continual feeding. The meat of a young animal is found to be in great disproportion to the fat. It is quite common for 9-month-old pigs, weighing 300 pounds, to be turned wholly into the lard kettle, because the few pounds of flesh under the fat is not salable or useful as food.

FALLOWING.—It used to be noted in the days when summer fallowing for wheat was common that fields broken up in a very dry time and lying exposed to the scorching sun produce better wheat than after a cooler moister summer. Probably this sun-scorched soil was partly burned and its mineral fertility liberated. We get phosphate and potash now more cheaply by this method than when we buy commercial fertilizers. In fact, as the mineral manures have come in, the practice of summer fallowing for wheat has gone into disuse.

FLOWERS.—Flowers will usually give a better effect and be easier to care for if planted in a small garden than if the lawn is cut up in small beds. The garden can be kept clean much easier, as the grass will be continually encroaching on the small beds. A single square rod will enable you to grow quite a variety of flowers, but several rods ought to be spared for this purpose. Locate the flower garden where the wife can see it when about her daily work, and it will prove a means of grace to her. A very little work done at the right time will keep it in order.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 22, 1885.

Purity, Progress, Pleasure and Permanence are conspicuously ineffaceable features written by the finger of Time on the venerable record of this paper. To the thousands who have drawn many of their noblest thoughts and much of their sweetest enjoyment from its familiar columns, in the two generations covering its history, renewed assurances of devotion to their gratification and improvement are superfluous. THE SATURDAY EVENING POST exists solely to serve the best interests and promote the truest pleasures of its patrons and readers. It hopes to constantly deserve the unswerving approval of its great army of old and new friends. It aspires to no higher ambition. To accomplish this, nothing shall impede the way. The best productions of the noblest thinkers and the finest writers will fill its columns, and the unwearied energies of the most careful editors shall be continuously devoted to its preparation. Nothing impure or debasing will be permitted to defile its pages nor make them an unworthy visitor to any home. The most Graphic Narrations, Instructive Sketches, Fascinating Stories, Important Biographical Essays, Striking Events, Best Historical Descriptions, Latest Scientific Discoveries, and other attractive features adapted to every portion of the family circle, will appear from week to week, while the Domestic, Social, Fashion and Correspondence Departments will be maintained at the highest possible standard of excellence. Its sole aim is to furnish its subscribers with an economical and never-failing supply of happiness and instruction, which shall be as necessary to their existence as the air they breathe. While myriads of silken threads in the web of memory stretch far back in the history of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, it will never rest on past laurels, but keep fully abreast of all genuine progress in the spirit of the age in which the present generation lives. It earnestly seeks and highly appreciates the favor and friendship of the pure and good everywhere, but desires no affiliation with, nor characteristic approval from, their opposites.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Publication Office, 725 Sansom St.

The Old and the New.

If it had ever occurred to Hans Anderson to tell the story of a new broom, we doubt whether that most useful agent of the household economy would have received very flattering treatment at his hands. Probably the carpet would have quarreled with it for its unsympathetic handling of tender spots which the old broom had tact sufficient to pass lightly by. The ornaments on the mantle-shelf would all be indignant at being enveloped in clouds of dust which unpleasantly affected their chests and noses. The chairs, too, would wonder what this unusual commotion was all about, and would join in a chorus of protestations. And when, by-and-by, the new broom took up its abode in the familiar corner, and the old broom was thrown ruthlessly away, the dustpan would wring her hands and weep copiously, and all the other occupants of the housemaid's cupboard would turn their backs in sorrowful resentment. In the sequel, there would, perhaps, be a happy reconciliation. The housemaid and her new ally would become less boisterous in the course of action; the vases and sofas would learn resignation. The new broom, regarded as a necessary evil, would be patiently borne with until, in its turn, it became an old broom. "So the old" order changeth, giving place to the new." The worn-out brooms are replaced by fresh ones bristling with energy, full of vigor, ready to sweep away in clouds all the dust of ancient ways, customs, and institutions, unsparing in their eager desire to carry out favorite schemes of reform at the expense of the comforts and prejudices of those who must needs submit or be swept away. There is the domestic new broom—often a very irksome one—the new mistress of a household. She has come to keep house for the brother who has an invalid wife and a dozen troublesome children. Or she may be the eldest daughter, who is full of pent-up energy, and considers "Dear Mamma" a very bad manager, and offers to take matters in hand. The new broom works with a will, having no respect for persons or things. Patertamilias finds the breakfast time altered from the convenient hour of nine to the unearthly one of eight a. m. He is made to understand that dinner will be served punctually at seven p. m., and that those who disregard household arrangements must expect cold or lukewarm dishes. He is blandly reminded that there is a striking resemblance between the mechanism of his watch and the domestic organization. Both must be kept strictly in working order. Servants must rearrange their times and methods of procedure. The old and trusted cook opens wide her eyes, in the privacy of the back kitchen, at Miss Elizabeth's economy; she is startled to find she no longer has free access to the store-room, and that her dealings with butcher and grocer are called in question. "Does she think I get a commission on every pound of meat?" she says, in scornful amazement, to her gossip, the gardener, who undoubtedly does require "brushing up." As for the nurse, the new broom knows better than to touch a corner of her province; but the governess and children hardly know, for the first month of the new regime, whether they have not been transplanted into a different life; the familiar walls and shelves of the schoolroom are hardly able to reassure them. By-and-by the rejected broom, in the form of the patient invalid or superseded parent, hears from afar the smothered growlings of an approaching storm. Servants give notice, the governess follows suit. The children are unhappy, patertamilias no less so, though he is too proud to confess it. Worst of all, when Miss Elizabeth compares her household books with those of her predecessor's, she is startled to find that the departure of the trusty cook has involved her in new and unexpected expenses. After all, however, they mean so well—these tiresome, blustering, anxious new brooms, that 'tis pity they cannot learn moderation. They sweep so earnestly that they wear themselves away, and have to give place before long to fresh ones of their kind. Moreover, they do not take sufficient heed of the good work done by the old brooms, which did very well in their time. And it would be wiser if they would condescend to take counsel with some of their predecessors who have worn themselves out in the attempt to sweep away certain evils which can only disappear beneath the kindly influence of time and sunshine. From social reformers down to the domestic servant, who is always a "new broom" during her first month, we meet with these enthusiastic, eager beginners in every station of life. Good resolutions earnestly carried out at first, eager first attempts, all illustrate the truth of the old saw. Only, we would change it a little, and advise the new broom to continue to sweep clean.

The Law of Waste.

There is a law of waste which runs through almost every department of mechanical art, or a certain percentage of loss necessarily involved in securing an actual gain. Take, for instance, the process for producing force by means of the steam-engine. There is, in the first place, a waste of coal in the act of mining, and to this may be added a further loss in transporting the coal from the mine to the place where it is to be used. After the fire has been applied, the waste is greatly increased, so that even in the best constructed engines it is calculated that not more than eighteen per cent. of the energy developed in the act of combustion is given back in the form of mechanical work. It is very evident that every time a railway train going at full speed is stopped, there must be a waste of material by friction, and also a positive expenditure or loss of power in the act of stopping and starting again. A careful computation has been made of the exact pecuniary expenditure to which our railway companies are thus subjected. By a very simple contrivance this waste of power is now reduced to the minimum; a stout spring coil being gradually wound up by the stopping of the train, which is then started again, partly by the liberation of the spring. In all trades and manufactures there is always a certain amount of waste. On the part of the careless and unskilful there may be not a little waste *work*—that is, work which is good for little or nothing—in which case time and labor are both wasted. No garment can be cut from the whole cloth, and no shoe made from the side of leather without a waste in the material. It is true that a great amount of stuff that was once thrown away, is now utilized in one form or another—everything that has the slightest shadow of a textile fibre being converted into shoddy, while a fortune has been made by stamping out furniture buttons and nails from the refuse scraps of leather. There are perpetual changes in the appearance of things. There is a constant passage of one form of energy to another; but matter and force are in themselves indestructible. The apparent waste is only on the surface, and is not, after all, a waste in any true and real sense. But in that region where the will and passions of man come into play, there is often a most deplorable waste. What an enormous amount of property has been destroyed—wiped out of existence—by the ferocious wars which, from the beginning, have continued to devastate the earth! In this enlightened age, in many of the most civilized portions of the globe, what a large proportion of the earnings of honest and industrious men is taken from them just to feed, clothe and equip huge armies, which exist for no purpose but to slaughter each other! Here, then, is real waste—awful waste! unpardonable waste! War has always been the great waster, and giving back nothing in return—or, at least, nothing that might not have better come in some other way. The time will come when the settlement of national questions by this costly process will be regarded as absurd as it is cruel; and now that men have ceased, for the most part, to dispose of their private differences by an appeal to force, it is marvelous that a resort to arms should be considered the only natural way of determining public disputes.

THERE is a vain self-confidence which rushes unabashed into every scene, and feels equal to undertake whatever is presented. This, however, is very different from the self possession which comes from a true estimate of our powers. He who possesses himself in this latter sense will be as careful to abstain from what he is unable to perform as to execute whatever rightly falls to his lot. He will be modest and unassuming as he is energetic and unflinching, for he will know his limitations as well as he does his powers. The best practical way of securing this self-possession where we feel its lack, is in continual practice. There are certain things which every one should be prepared to do, certain scenes that every one should be prepared to enter, certain crises that every one should be ready to meet. These none of us must shrink from when they come, but do our best resolutely every time, resolutely calling to our aid all the reason and good sense that we can command. Each time we force ourselves to this course, the task grows easier, and at length we arrive at that condition of calm assurance with regard to our performance of them which alone gives self possession.

PLAY implies the notion of plentifulness. The gambols of the child betray an overplus of strength and spirits; the play of the waters give the idea of unstinted room; the blossoms of spring, the fragrance of the woods, the grandeur of the mountains, the smiles of the harvest—all impress us with the feeling of abundance. So, wherever there is plenty of power and to spare, plenty of affection and to spare, plenty of resources of all kinds and to spare, we lose the sense of hard toil, of cold duty, of narrow rules, and expand into that play which is the height of power, the depth of feeling, the beauty—because the truest excellence—of life. If this be so, let it forever rescue play from the stigma of childishness. Let it rather be an ideal which we may strive to reach than a frivolity from which we strive to fly. Work is honorable and duty is holy; but, when the whole heart is in the work, and when duty is inspired by love, they rise even to a higher plane—that of free, joyful and unbounded activity.

The World's Happenings.

Train-robbing is punishable by death in Arkansas.

South Carolina is the only State which allows no divorce.

An animal-tamer has used electricity as a subduer of unruly beasts with great success.

Two per cent. of the voting population of Bell county, Ky., is charged with murder.

Horned toads are light feeders. Two house flies will keep one in good order for six months.

Of seventeen pupils at a class in one of the schools of Bronson, Fla. fourteen are Smiths.

Jelly, "speckled" with strawberries, is the favorite dish for suppers after dances in England.

A lemon weighing four pounds and thirteen ounces is one of Florida's recent productions.

A dog attacked a three-months-old Pittsburg child, the other day, and bit one of its feet off.

A society in New York city, headed by Father J. J. Kean, has for its object the eradication of profanity.

A Methodist Conference in Georgia has forbidden members in its jurisdiction to attend base-ball matches.

The Paralyzing Jim Dandies and the Get There Flies are rivals for the base-ball championship of Sparta, Ga.

A colored man 96 years old carries the mail between Carthage, Tex., and the depot—a distance of about a mile.

Paper bottles now made in France are built from sheets of paper rolled together and cemented with albumen, lime and alum.

The English war-ship Resistance is to be coated with rubber to a considerable thickness, to see how that material will repel projectiles.

A weekly paper in Longwood, Fla., it is stated, has been sold for a mule. The paper is represented to be "prosperous for those parts."

Berlin has an asylum for overworked and disabled horses, under the management of a veterinary surgeon, a cavalry officer and a farmer.

"Blacks and Whites" is the not very euphonious name of a Virginia town, the inhabitants of which are endeavoring to have it changed.

An aged farmer, living near Boston Station, this State, hanged himself the other day because of the probable failure of his wheat crop.

Swimming manœuvres have been introduced into the French military practice, to accustom the troops to ford rivers in the face of an enemy.

A woman on the Pacific coast who styles herself a prophetess, is said to have poisoned a child recently in order to have one of her predictions fulfilled.

A Warwick, Mass., hen is credited with carrying her brood upstairs in the barn to a scaffold because some animal had begun to kill her fledglings.

"Culture Clubs" are a new Western diversion. The members meet and study the subjects of elegant and accomplished manners and true politeness.

A colored resident of Madison, Ga., dislocated his jaw the other evening while yawning, and had to sit with an open mouth until the arrival of a physician.

Connecticut leads in longevity in this country. In some of the churches down there the congregations are graded according to age—the oldest sitting nearest the pulpit.

In France, in the summer of 1705, nobody ventured out of doors between noon and 4 p. m., and people cooked their dinners by laying the meat on the plates in the sunshine.

A pound and a half of gravel-stones, which had been forced through its mouth to make the fish weigh heavy, were found in the stomach of a trout sold recently at Penn Yann, N. Y.

A man in Manitoba found cool and easy sleep in a hammock swung from the limb of a tree thirty feet from the ground, and one night a terrific wind storm blew him out, breaking all his arms and legs.

A clerk who levanted in Canada, from Sedalia, Mo., with his employer's funds, has returned, and restored $9,000, saying that he would sooner go to the penitentiary than live in the Dominion.

Two young sportsmen of this city were recently treed for a whole day up in Potter county by a bear, which, as was afterwards found out, was perfectly tame—an escaped pet; but they paid $50 for the privilege of shooting it.

A story is told in effect that a Boston street railway conductor recently found in his car a parcel containing $400 in money and $1,000 in checks, and the owner not only gave no reward, but intimated that the finder had stolen a portion of the money.

The dog of Rev. John Harris, of Annapolis, Md., was killed the other night by a policeman, for violation of a municipal ordinance, and that night Brother Harris preached a discourse on the subject from the roof of his house, interring the animal the next day with religious rites.

Some postoffice clerks in New York were surprised the other day to see a new style of postal-card, in the shape of a dirty linen shirt-cuff, come flying through the letter-hole. One side bore a one-cent stamp and an address, and on the other side was a strange message neatly written.

It is related as an incident of the campaign in Tonquin that as soon as the Chinese soldiers heard that peace had been arranged they tore up their white clothing, and attaching pieces of it upon sticks to represent flags of truce, rushed forward and cordially shook hands with the French soldiers.

A Kansas City, Mo., minister, who was made the subject of sensational revelations in a local paper there, is being sustained by his congregation in libel suits he has instituted. He frankly admitted to his congregation that he had served a term in the penitentiary when a youth, and said he had told the whole story before his ordination.

AFTERWARD.

BY NANNIE POWER O'DONOGHUE.

The path was long, but when she reached the end,
  The subject of her quest, a grave was there;
The grave of one who was her dearest friend,
  Whose loving thought had lightened every care.
The two together long had journeyed here,
  And borne each other's burdens day by day
Shared every joy, and many a hope and fear;
  Nor dreamed they of the parting of the way.

They came almost unconscious to that hour,
  They thought their prayer a loving God must hear;
That in the fulness of His grace and power,
  He would spare each to each for many a year.
And so, when the dark shadow fell at last,
  And one went on, God holding by the hand,
And one turned back to live but in the past,
  Grieving because she could not understand,

There hung a pall upon her earth and sky,
  She was so desolate and heaven so far,
But afterward the Comforter drew nigh:
  And her worn soul beyond its prison bar
Saw, as in vision, the dear friend she wept
  Rested and comforted before the throne.
No weariness again, no vigils kept;
  There pain and death and sorrow are unknown.

Was she resigned to hear this bitter loss,
  Since she was spared earth's sorrow and its pain?
Yes; for love's sake she took her heavy cross,
  Thinking each day how precious was his gain.
She could not know why they must part so soon.
  She must not doubt or question God's dear will;
And so she asked of Him that one great boon—
  The sweet submission that could trust Him still.

The Green-Eyed.

BY C. M.

I AM sure you will not refuse me, *Hugo mio*," I say, in an insinuating tone, lifting my eyes to my husband's face with an expression which has proved very effective during our engagement, but which now seems to have lost its favor, for Hugh turns away impatiently.

"My dear child, when you ask unreasonable things I must refuse you," he answers, in a tone such as one might use to a spoiled child, and which I resent with a pout.

"Unreasonable!" I repeat, hotly. "I really do not see what there is unreasonable in wishing to accompany you to a masked ball. Why, a woman may go anywhere with her husband; and if it is improper for me to go, it must be so for you."

"What a child you are, Nora!" my husband replies, laughing. "I really believe you are going to cry! Surely you know, dear," he adds, more gravely, "that if I thought it right I would take you; but there are sights at the Opera to-night I should not like the pure eyes of my child-wife to look upon, so I do not intend to take you. I can't have the snowy gloss of my lily's leaves soiled yet awhile," he continues, stooping his tall head and giving me one or two tender kisses. "You must be content to stay at home to-night, and I will not be away more than a couple of hours."

"Do take me, Hugh!" I say, imploringly, returning his kisses with interest, for we have only been six weeks married, and are still under our "honeymoon." I will be so good. I will shut my eyes and ears to everything I ought not to hear; and with such a tall husband to take care of me, what harm can I come to?"

"No outward harm, perhaps," he answers, coldly. "But I do not choose to expose you to the licence which is always allowed and encouraged at affairs of the kind."

"But, Hugh, when Florrie was at Florence, Arthur took her to the masked balls there; and she went to one in Paris also," I say, eagerly.

"Lord Forester was at liberty to take your sister where he liked," answers Hugh, with his most dignified air. "You are not his wife, but mine; and I will take better care of you than to take you to a *bal masque*."

"Arthur takes every care of Florrie," I pout.

"Possibly; but, Nora, I do not care to take lessons on behavior from anyone."

"And you are determined you will not take me? You have quite made up your mind to be disagreeable?" I say, passionately.

"I have quite made up my mind not to take you, Nora!" he rejoins gravely. "As to being disagreeable, that is another thing. My little wife knows it costs me something to refuse her anything, and I think she loves me enough to trust my motives for this refusal."

He looks down at me very tenderly with his

"Eyes of dangerous gray,"

But I am not to be pacified, and I disengage myself from his caressing hand, and trail my velvet dress away from him over the carpet of our sitting-room at the Hotel Meurice, Paris, and sit down in one of the velvet fauteuils, in what I intend to be very dignified silence.

As I sit I can see my reflection in the long mirror between the windows, and even in my annoyance I feel that I present more the appearance of a sulky child than that of an offended matron.

The mirrow reflects a small, slender figure, looking childish in consequence of its petite porportions, for I am quite twenty-one, with a profusion of fair curly hair, large dark blue eyes, a pouting mouth, and a flushed, angry face, of whose beauty I am quite aware.

Glancing from myself to my husband, who is also reflected in the mirror, I see a tall, stalwart-looking man, fifteen years my senior, with gray eyes, a fair curling head of hair, a haughtily-carried head, and a long, silky, fair moustache, half concealing a very sweet-tempered mouth.

How comely he is—how noble, and how strong!—and he is my husband. He loves me—foolish, childish, ignorant me—who can only repay his love by giving him my whole heart; a gift I made to him on the very time we met.

There is a few moments' silence. Hugh watches me, half angry, half smiling. Then the smile gains the mastery, and he crosses to my side.

"It is no use, little woman; you can't look very angry if you try ever so!" he says, laughingly, as he puts his hand tenderly on my shoulder. "Believe me, pet, I am only doing right in this. I will promise to be back in an hour, or at any rate as soon as I can get away."

"You need not hurry on my account, "I reply, frigidly. "I have no doubt that I can manage to do without you for as long as it pleases you to remain."

"That is all right!" he answers, cheerily, pretending not to notice the coldness of my manner. "Besides, I shall not go till it is almost bedtime, so you won't have time to feel dull."

"You evidently consider your presence necessary for my happiness," I say, stiffly. "Pray disabuse yourself of such an erroneous opinion, I shall be perfectly happy without you."

"Shall you? I am sorry for that. I fancied that my presence was as conducive to your happiness as yours is imperative to mine."

But he takes his hand away from my shoulder, waits a few minutes to see if I am going to make any apology for my captious speeches; and finding that I preserve an obstinate silence, he goes away to dress for dinner, leaving me to brood over my injuries.

I am afraid that most sensible people will consider the refusal of my husband to take me to a masked ball at the Opera in Paris a very puerile wrong, but I am not disposed to agree with them.

Hitherto, in our six weeks of married life, I had never received any opposition to my wishes, and had tyrannized over Hugh to the top of my bent.

Now, for the first time I encountered not only opposition, but a determined opposition, which did not yield to my entreaties or remonstrances, and I was hurt and angry, and aggrieved beyond measure.

Why could I not go? I was married, now, and ought to go everywhere with my husband; and I was desirous above all things of seeing a masked ball.

My sister Florrie had been quite eloquent on the subject on her return from her honeymoon trip. And what is the use I argue to myself, of being married to Sir Hugh Marsden if I cannot have my own way?

I am cross and impatient with my maid as I get ready for dinner, reject all brighter colours, and choose a dress of black satin, and lace which I fondly imagine makes me look dignified, and sail back into the *salon* with my head held very erect and my mouth closely compressed.

I fancy that a gleam of amusement steals into my husband's eyes as they meet mine on entering, and that the ghost of a smile curls his fair mustache: and the idea that he is laughing at me is not quite a pleasant one.

So I make no answer when he speaks to me; and my heart is not softened even when he tells me that my dress is exquisite, and that blondes ought never to wear anything but black.

Dinner, which we take alone in our private sitting-room, passes over very heavily. Hugh makes several efforts to induce me to talk, but I am nursing my grievances, and as I know that if I open my lips at all I shall break out into a torrent of reproaches, ending with a burst of tears, I keep an obstinate silence, and Hugh at last desists, and sits looking a little sad and grave.

I do not know what possesses me; spoilt child as I have always been, I am not bad-tempered or sulky, but to-night I seem to be both. When dinner is over I go to the piano more as an excuse for keeping up my taciturnity, and sit strumming away, trying new songs, playing scraps of melody which I have more than half forgotten, in a manner which must be intensely provoking to my music-loving husband.

He says nothing, however, although once or twice an expression of impatience escapes him at which I smile sardonically, but which does not influence me at all. At length the gay gilt *pendule* on the mantel strikes the half-hour after ten, and I turn away from the piano.

"Is it not time for you to go?" I say coldly, and Hugh glances at me wistfully as he replies:

"There is no horry. Are you tired? Are you going to bed?"

How anxious he is to get rid of me, I think, angrily; but I answer by sweeping away to my sleeping apartment, where I throw myself into a seat by the fire, and give myself up to my musings, which are not of the most agreeable nature.

Presently Hugh comes in and crosses over to my side; he wears a loose furred overcoat over his evening-dress, for it is a bitter February evening, and looks even in my angry eyes eminently handsome and distinguished. He stoops over me, putting his hand over mine as they lie clasped in my lap, with a half-mirthful look of entreaty.

"Come, little woman," he says, tenderly, "don't keep up this show of resentment at a fancied wrong. Kiss me and say good night."

But I turn petulantly away, and his lips, as they seek mine, only touch a tress of my hair.

"Very well," he says, laughingly, "if you will be cross I cannot help it. I shall not be very long," he adds, as he turns to leave the room.

"I do not care how long you remain I do not care if you never come back," I call out, passionately after him. I meet the grieved, astonished glance, and then the door closes, and he is gone, and I bury my face in the cushions of my chair in a passionate burst of tears, which wash away all my anger and annoyance, and leaves me in a far better state of mind than that in which they found me,

Dear Hugh, how good and gentle he is and what a wretch I am, I think, as I put my disordered hair back from my face. How provoking and aggravating I have been, and how sincerely I wish those last bitter, cruel, false—oh! how false—words recalled!

How I wish he would come back and let me weep out my penitence on his breast! that he would take me in his strong arms and kiss me and console me with his tender voice and loving caresses!

I feel very tired when my tears are exhausted, and I think that I will go to bed, so that I may be rested when Hugh comes in, and better able to tell him of my sorrow for my bad behavior. But just as I am about to prepare to retire a thought strikes me: if I should fall asleep and not awake when Hugh returns, for I am a sound sleeper, and such a contingency is more than likely!

I will write a little note, I say to myself, eagerly, and put it where he shall see it as soon as he comes in, so that he may know that his wife thought of him lovingly ere she slept.

Among the dainty gifts which Hugh has showered on me since our marriage is a mother-of-pearl blotting-book, mounted in silver, a pretty trifle, which I prize for his sake. I will write my note there, I think, with almost childish exultation, and I sit down at the table, open the book; and take up my pen.

As I do so a note lying between the leaves of the blotting-paper catches my eye; and half absently, thinking as I do so of what I shall say to Hugh, I draw it out of its hiding-place, glance at it carelessly at first, then with fixed, dazed eyes, which see, as it were in letters of fire, these words, written in a pretty feminine handwriting on a sheet of paper adorned with the name "Mabel" in blue silver:

"You can imagine my surprise on finding to-day that my husband is in Paris with a woman who has apparently taken my place. Under these circumstances, I beg you will meet me to-night at the masked ball at the Opera. I shall be in a blue domino. If you ever loved me, come. Do not fail me."

The note drops helplessly from my hands, and I sit still and motionless as death. What are those terrible words which I have read? What do they mean?

What awful, hideous thoughts come crowding into my brain! Do they mean that my husband, Hugh Marsden, once belonged to another woman and that I am an interloper and not his wife?

I press my hands to my forehead to try and still the throbbing of my temples. I rise and pace the floor restlessly; all my faculties seem to point to one conclusion, that Hugh was married before he met me, and that he has gone to-night to meet his—his wife! Oh! Heaven! if she is his wife, what am I? The thought is madness!

I examine the note again; it is addressed to Sir Hugh Marsden, Hotel Meurice; but it has not passed through the post, and as I endeavor to collect my thoughts, I remember how grave and pre-occupied he has seemed all day.

Looking further back, I remember, with a quick, jealous pang, that yesterday, as we were strolling through the Louvre, we had met a tall, beautiful brunette, who had started and grown very pale at sight of us, and who had looked imploringly at Hugh, or I had fancied she did so, for on looking at my husband, I saw that though he too looked pale his face was quite impassive, and that when I had mentioned the lady's agitation he had dismissed the subject rather sharply.

Could she be the Mabel whose note I had read? Was it possible that Hugh could so deceive me? If so, out of my life happiness is gone for ever, and black, intolerable misery has come in its stead!

I throw up my hands with a quick, desperate gesture, and go to the window, throwing it open, and admitting a rush of cold night air.

The bright street below is dazzling with gaslight; above, the sky is serene and starlit; carriages dash gaily by, the brilliant life of gay Paris was at its height. I lean out gasping with the sharp pains at my heart. Six short hours ago I was the happiest of them all, and now—I am most miserable!

Suddenly a thought strikes me—a mad, reckless, desperate thought, born of a fevered brain. I will go myself to the Bal d'l'Opera—I will see with my own eyes whether my husband has betrayed me—I will confront him and the woman who appeals to his love for her to induce him to meet her!

No sooner does this thought strike me than I prepare to carry it out. I dismiss my own maid, telling her to go to bed, that I shall not require her again to-night; and as soon as she is safely disposed of, I go back to the salon and ring the bell.

It is answered by the very person I wish to see, a pretty, coquettish litte chambermaid who has on several occasions waited upon me, and to whom I have taken a fancy.

"Virginie," I say eagerly, "are you at liberty? Sir Hugh has gone to the Bal d'l'Opera, and I want to go to—just for fun, you know, to surprise him. Can you manage it for me?"

"Nothing more easy, miladi!" answers the maid in a matter-of-fact tone. "Miladi can have a domino and a *facere*, and she will not fail to find a cavalier at the *entree*."

"Must I have a gentleman?" I ask, in dismay.

"Oh! but yes, miladi; just to go in with, you know. I will get miladi a domino immediately, if miladi will give me the money."

I take a hundred-franc note out of my purse and hand it to her. She nods her shining dark head, and goes away, looking pleased and important, and evidently thinking very little of the plan, which assumes a stupendous aspect as I sit and wait for her in the lonely room.

I do not think she is long absent, but it seems a long, long time to me ere she returns with a large parcel, which she unfolds, and discloses a black satin garment, a kind of long loose jacket, with a cape and a hood, with which she proceeds to invest me with an ease which rather surprises me.

Then she draws the hood over my head, fastens it carefully under my chin, hands me a little black velvet mask, with lace falling over the chin, which she instructs me how to wear, and then triumphantly asserts that my toilette is completed.

"Let miladi look at herself in the glass," she says, gaily. I am sure milord will not be able to recognise her."

I am, as she says, quite beyond recognition, shrouded in the heavy folds of black satin. Not only my face but my figure is entirely disguised, and I am rather startled at the reflection I meet in the glass. But Virginie claps her hands gaily, and says that the disguise is perfect; and her gaiety reassures me a little, although I feel so nervous that I can hardly stand.

In a few minutes I find myself driving swiftly down through the crowded Avenue de l'Opera, and the driver puts his head in the window to tell me he cannot get any nearer the entrance.

So I get out and thread my way, nervous and trembling in every limb, through the hurrying crowds, and find myself at the entrance of the stately gilded building, bewildered and frightened beyond description.

For the first time in my life I am in the public streets alone, and the thought terrifies me. I lean against one of the marble pillars, sick and dizzy with fear, and wonder dimly whether I am going to faint, as my knees threaten to give way beneath me.

No one takes any heed of me; men and women in all kinds of costumes troop gaily up the steps and enter the building; there is a great deal of laughing and chatting and gay, mocking speeches, and a few angry exclamations.

I stand still, watching it through my mask, breathless. Already I perceive that Hugh was right in saying I ought not to come to a *bal masque*, and I wish, oh! how earnestly, that I was back at the Hotel Meurice.

Suddenly a gentleman, in evening-dress, runs lightly up the steps, glances at me, hesitates a moment, then lifting his hat, comes to my side.

"Madame wishes to go in?" he says, courteously. "Will madame allow me to offer her my arm, and we will make the *entree* together."

Passively I allow him to draw my hand through his arm, and we enter together; he guards me carefully from the crush, and his manner is kind enough to reassure me a little. Together we go up the wide marble staircase; at its head I pause.

"Monsieur," I say, tremulously, "will you excuse me—I came to find my husband."

He glances at my hands; in my bewilderment I have come without gloves, and I suppose he sees my wedding-ring, for he drops my arm at once, but he looks disappointed, I think.

"I entreat madame's pardon," he says, with a low ceremonious bow, and turning away, leaves me with a muttered "poor child" upon his lips; I am alone.

* * * * *

The ball is at its height; the great building is one glare of gaslight, and the air is heavy with mingled perfumes. The scene on which I gaze with sad, bewildered eyes is a brilliant one, a gorgeous picture of gilded sin and folly, maddening intoxicating, and strange as a glimpse of fairyland.

The orchestra is playing one of Strauss' waltzes, to the music of which I have often danced in that happy girlhood which seems so far in the past just now, and the maskers are whirling madly round, a motley crew indeed in their various gorgeous, glittering costumes.

I look around me wearily; how will it be possible to find Hugh among all those hundreds? how shall I distinguish the blue domino he is to meet?

I feel hot and stifled under my mask in the heated atmosphere, and I grow more and more terrified every moment as I stand in a corner where I have taken refuge—a little nook, where tall, full-leaved tropical plants give shade from the blinding glare, and where the seats look very inviting to the weary dancers.

The minutes pass by, but still I stand there waiting and watching. Now and then one of the masks speaks to me, laughing at my solitude, rallying me on my stillness; but though every gay word makes my heart beat with fear, I take no heed.

By-and-by there is a slight lull in the dancing, and various groups saunter towards the retreat where I am, and my heart gives one quick leap as I see among them my husband. He is not masked, and his tall

head towers proudly over those around him.

He looks grave, absorbed, and agitated; and clinging to his arm is a tall graceful woman in a blue domino, with her face hidden by a velvet mask. She is talking eagerly and earnestly, I can see that; and Hugh is listening with mingled pity and tenderness.

He glances at me carelessly as he puts his companion on a seat, and for a moment, forgetful of my mask, I fear he will recognize me; but of course he does not. He seats himself by the blue domino, and takes her hand caressingly in his.

For a moment at this confirmation of my jealous fears, the brilliant scene before me whirls before my eyes; lights, flowers, faces, all blend before me in one confused mass, and I involuntarily put out my hand to clutch at some support.

But I do not faint; in a few minutes the deadly anguish passes away, and I see clearly again, though the music sounds dim and distant, and I watch my husband with eager, fascinating eyes, which do not lose one of his movements as he bends tenderly over his companion.

How long or how short a time I stand there watching I do not know; but I am aroused from my stupor by finding that my stillness and immobility have attracted the attention of some of the maskers, and that a group has gradually gathered around me with gay speeches, and mocking laughter, and outspoken admiration.

"What a charming little black domino!" says one gentleman, laughing. "Quite too charming to be here all alone!"

"And as still as one of the statues themselves!" says a pink domino in a shrill woman's voice. Tell me, *ma belle*, what doest thou here alone? Has thy lover deserted thee? If so, thou canst find another."

"A dozen if she wishes it!" says another man, approaching me familiarly with an eager expression which terrifies me dreadfully. "I am quite at thy service, *ma belle enfant!*"

"And I!"

"And I!"

"And I! For though thy face is hidden, thou hast a foot worthy of Cinderella's slipper, and I adore pretty feet!"

I am at my wits' end. Terrified, gasping, breathless, I turn from one to the other. The flushed faces of the men, the shrill, mocking, wicked laughter of the women, do not reassure me; and when one of the former puts his hand on my shoulder, and looks into my eyes with a leer, I have hardly the strength to shake off his hand and gasp out:

"Leave me, monsieur, I entreat!"

But he does not desist; he draws nearer still; he is about to encircle me with his arm, with a loud jest and laugh, when my terror overcomes me; I utter a cry at which I see Hugh start and turn his face in our direction, looking surprised and puzzled; then I break from my tormentor and calling out, "Hugh, Hugh, Hugh!" I rush forand cling to my husband's arm.

In a moment he is on his feet, holding me closely within his arm; then I never know how he manages, but I find myself half-lifted, half led down the great staircase out into the cold night air, and I lift my eyes to Hugh's face which is paler, sterner and graver than I have ever thought it possible that it should be. He does not speak to me, and I cannot utter a word.

He waits for a moment until I recover myself, then he hails a *fiacre*, places me in it, still in the same stern silence, gives the man the address, and is about to close the door, when I catch his hand.

"You will come?" I say, faintly.

"I will follow you in a few moments," he answers coldly, and I drive away alone. In a few minutes we are at Maurice's. I manage to reach my room, to close the door after me, and to reach the bed, on which I fall face downwards, hardly conscious, yet with the blessing of insensibility denied me.

I do not cry, that best relief of tears is refused to me; but as I dimly realize the utter wreck of my life, great tearless, passionate sobs rend my very heart.

Hugh, my Hugh! my best beloved, is lost to me for ever! He never loved me, and a wild sense of desperation seizes me.

"Oh, Hugh," I moan, "Hugh—Hugh!"

It is all I can say; my very reason seems to totter as I lie there in my bitter anguish, motionless, gasping, and despairing.

I hear the door open and shut, and Hugh's footstep in the sitting-room; then he comes into the room where I lie prone, and in a few moments I feel myself lifted up from the pillows by strong, gentle hands, and placed in a deep armchair by the fire.

Then my hood and mask are removed with rather awkward fingers, and my eyes meet Hugh's, who gives a half-shocked, half-angry exclamation, as he looks down at me, while I wonder dimly whether my face shows traces of the storm which has passed over me.

For a minute or two he says nothing; I lean wearily back on the cushion of my chair, careless as to what becomes of me, passive and exhausted, longing for death, since Hugh is false and has betrayed me.

I do not look up at him, but I feel that his eyes are upon me, and that one of my hands lies in his. Suddenly he drops it, and it falls heavily and helplessly at my side.

"What put such a mad freak into your head, Nora?" he says, coldly. What possessed you to act in a manner so opposed to my wishes?"

I lift my eyes to his, but make no answer.

"Did you see to what insult you have exposed yourself?" he continued, more gently. "I think you have been sufficiently punished for your escapade. I shudder to think of what might have befallen you if I had not been near."

Still I keep silence. What can I say unless I tell him that I know all the depths of his treachery, and somehow, looking up into the grave tender eyes fixed on my face, I cannot say such words as those.

"You are a very naughty, disobedient little wife," he goes on, tenderly. "But I think you have suffered enough for me to forgive you."

He puts his hand—the hand which has so lately clasped hers—on my head, and at his touch I start up angrily, and, with a last remnant of my failing strength, I throw it off.

"How dare you touch me?" I cry, madly. "Your very touch is contamination now?"

"Nora," he exclaims, "are you mad?"

"Yes, I am mad," I cry wildly, "and it is you who have made me so. I know your treachery; see, I have read that!"

As I speak I throw the note towards him, and it flutters towards him down at his feet. He stoops and raises it, a dark flush rising in his cheeks.

"You read this note?" he says, coldly.

"Yes," I reply, half beside myself with misery. "I know all—I know that I am nothing to you, that you have never loved me, that she—Mabel—is your wife."

"My wife! what folly is this?" he repeats angrily. "Have you taken leave of your senses, Nora?" Then, as if a light breaks upon him, he turns to me again; "Did you think—Nora, is it possible—that you believed that I am the husband spoken of here?"

I cannot answer; I am past speech, but my silence is sufficient. Hugh's face clouds over with a fierce anger which terrifies me. I shrink back; his face grows dim before my failing eyesight, the room whirls round; and for the first time in my life I faint away.

When I come to myself I am sitting in the armchair, my head resting on Hugh's shoulder, his arm around me, his face bent anxiously over me.

We are alone, and he has evidently not summoned assistance, but there is a sprinkle of cool scent on my forehead, and my hair is wet, as from a liberal application of water.

I open my eyes for a moment, then closed them again and rest against him, wondering how it will end.

He moves slightly to reach some wine which is at hand and which he holds to my lips.

I drink a little, and lift my head from his shoulder, but he does not remove his arm from around me.

"You are better?" he says, and on my affirmative answer he gives a long sigh of relief. "You terrified me, wife," he says with a little tremulous laugh, and I feel his arm clasp round me more closely. Angry as he was, my illness has apparently softened his heart towards me, for when he speaks again his voice is very gentle.

"Are you well enough to listen to my explanation of that note, Nora?" he asks, and I turn to him and hide my face on his breast.

"I do not want any explanation; oh, Hugh, forgive me—forgive me and love me again," I cry imploringly; I cannot live without you."

"You have a right to an explanation, my darling," he says, tenderly, "and I blame myself bitterly for not having confided in you before, and thus spared you the pain you have suffered to-night. And yet I thought—I hoped that my wife had complete confidence in me."

"Oh, I have, Hugh!" I cry breathlessly.

"Have you now, my darling?" he says, stooping to look into my eyes; and as I read the grave truth and love in his, I feel that, notwithstanding appearances, I will trust him to the death.

"Oh, yes—oh, yes, Hugh—husband, forgive me that I ever doubted you; oh, it was such bitter anguish, dear, that you may forgive me."

"I am afraid it was, darling," he answers sorrowfully, smoothing back my hair. "But an explanation is your right, and I blame myself for having withheld it from you for so long. You feel quite strong again, Nora?" he adds, anxiously. "It is a sad story I have to tell you, and your heart will bleed when you hear it."

"I am quite strong, but Hugh, if it pains you, do not tell me."

"It will not hurt me to tell you, love," he says, and after a moment's pause he goes on, "The lady whose note you found, and with whom you saw me to-night, Nora, is my half-sister, Mabel Daventree, or rather Mabel Fairburn. She is my mother's daughter by her second husband, and is only five years my junior; so that we were much together, and had we been really brother and sister we could not have been more attached to each other.

"Ten years ago, when Mabel was just twenty, she met somewhere in society Captain Fairburn, and fell in love with him, while he, to serve his own ends, pretended to reciprocate her affection. Mabel had a large fortune, inherited from her father. Fairburn was a rake, a gambler, and a villain! My poor sister was too beautiful not to have many lovers; but she only cared for him, and all our remonstrances were in vain.

"At that time I was a hot-headed youngster, home from India, and my indignation at Mabel's folly knew no bounds. I did my best to provoke Fairburn, in order that a meeting between us should render a marriage with Mabel impossible; but he took no heed of my insults, and my sister insisted on carrying out her engagement. I took a vow if she did so, I would never speak to her again, unless she were in the direst need of my assistance; that I would disown her, and never call her sister again. Poor Mabel pleaded with me in vain, and finally on being told to chose between her lover and her brother, chose the former, as all women would."

Hugh pauses, and I nestle closer to him, full of pity at the sadness on his face.

"Well, they were married, and the usual results followed. Poor Mabel, she told me to-night, lived in her fool's paradise for a few weeks, and then awoke from her dream of bliss, to find her husband all that was most depraved."

"Oh! how terrible!"

"Terrible indeed, my darling," Hugh answers, sadly. "He dissipated in every species of debauchery, insulted her openly, ill-treated her, and reduced her almost to want. She would not apply to us, and her pride and a lingering spark of love for the wretched man she had married, made her conceal as much as she could her misery. Finally he deserted her, and she managed to earn a livelihood by teaching. My poor Mabel! Oh! Nora," he adds, brokenly, "how I blame my unnatural pride and harshness which could let my sister suffer so terribly without making an effort to help her!"

"You did not know," I whisper, soothingly.

"I ought to have known, Nora—I might have guessed it," he said, bitterly. "Well, about six moths ago, Mabel was fortunate enough to find a home as companion to a widow lady and occasional chaperone to her daughter, and they came here. To them she confided her story, and Miss Doncaster did all to cheer her; in gratitude to them she tried to be more cheerful, and to repay their kindness by her devotion.

"It was with them we saw her at the Louvre yesterday, and with them she was at the Opera to-night; for Miss Doncaster was anxious to see a masked ball, and her brother escorted her and Mabel. But yesterday, Captain Fairburn arrived at the hotel at which they were staying with a person he called his wife, and this last insult broke Mabel down."

"Oh, Hugh, how dreadful! why did you not bring her home with you here? Poor Mabel!"

"Thank you, darling," he answers, warmly. "To-morrow I am going for her, and to have a final explanation with her husband. If I had not been so negligent of her, poor girl, he would not have dared to behave in such a manner."

There is a moment's silence.

"If I had brought her home, wife, I don't think Lady Marsden was in a very fair plight to receive visitors," he says, mischievously.

"Hugh, I was so wretched," I say, with a quiver of my lip. "I pray to die; it was so terrible to doubt you, but"—looking up pleadingly into his face—"you forgive me, do you not? You are no longer angry?"

"You discovered the most effectual way of disarming my anger," he says, smiling. "Never was a fainting-fit more *apropos*. It frightened all my anger—and I was furious, Nora—away on the spot. You must not terrify me so again."

"I will try not to," I answer. "It was very foolish, Hugh, but I had been so terrified at that horrid ball, and your face finished me up."

And then I tell him all my misery and anguish, and confess my sins, and he laughs a little and draws me nearer to his heart. The gray dawn is stealing into the room, and we can hear the carriages rolling swiftly homewards after the ball ere we prepare to retire; and as I stand on tiptoe and draw Hugh's tall head down to mine for a long, last kiss before he releases me, I think of the anguish as a dream from which I have awakened. He forgives me—I know that

> "'Tis easier for the generous to forgive
> Than for offence to ask it."

But I cannot easily forgive myself for my doubts of my noble, generous husband, and I promise myself to atone for them in the future with increased love.

We have been married several years now, and dear, gentle Aunt Mabel, who lives with us, is happy in the possession of sundry sturdy nephews and nieces, who tyrannize over her as much as they love her; but I have never since that first and last time felt the pangs of The Green-eyed.

"Those Black Eyes."

BY C. M.

THERE are eyes and eyes; but Nathalie Rodwell was sure she had never seen such another splendid pair of black ones as met hers, a brief moment, as she passed down Regent street on one of the snowiest days in winter. They were a man's eyes, and they gleamed out of the window of a brougham amid the crowd of vehicles.

The gentleman was busying himself with an evening paper, but glanced up across the top of the sheet as the carriage made a sudden lurch against the curb.

Nathalie just caught that glance, and then the brougham dashed on, and she was in utter ignorance as to whether its occupant was young or old, ugly or handsome. She only knew that his eyes were large, and dusky as clouded midnight skies, and all fire, and all softness, and the handsomest she had ever seen.

"Nathalie Rodwell," she said to herself that night, when she made herself comfortable in her own room. "Nathalie Rodwell," looking defiantly at her flushed reflection in the mirror, "you are a regular silly! For three hours your nonsensical head has been filled with thoughts of a pair of eyes; a pair of eyes belonging to a man whom you do not know, and never will know; for you would not be able to recognize him if you meet him! Yes, you would, too; you would know those eyes anywhere, wouldn't you? But now you are getting silly again! What if you did recognize him? Isn't he a gentleman able to ride in a brougham, and arn't you a miserable little vagabond of a copyist, who has to trot about town in all kinds of weather, to carry home work, and has not a friend in the world but that goose of a cousin, Phil Duncan? Now, don't you dare think again of those eyes, Nathalie Rodwell!"

Try how she would to banish them, Nathalie continued to dream of those splendid black eyes and to look for them wherever she went among the crowds of the metropolis. Eyes were her study—black ones to her a matter of delight—men the great object of her attention.

So ardent and earnest an observer of the masculine gender did Nathalie become, that many a curious stare was sent after her, and several protests against her preoccupation of mind, when with him, were elicited from the long suffering cousin, Phil Duncan, the only friend she had in the world, and when Miss Rodwell considered it necessary to make a new winter dress, she was in actual ignorance of the latest feminine fashions.

Two months passed, and Nathalie's untiring quest after another glance of those glorious eyes met with no reward.

"I cannot see why I am so ridiculous," she said to herself, disgustedly, rapping her pretty finger tips upon the window of the comfortless lodging house parlor. "I am not ordinarily quite a goose, yet I go staring about, day after day, running into people I don't see, and knocking over small children, and behaving abominably, altogether, because every creature in coat and waistcoat that I see I imagine may have black eyes, and those black eyes! And I really believe old Phil thinks I'm getting a flirt! Here he comes. I hope he isn't pathetic and gentle to-night. If he only knew how much better I like him when he shows some spirit—the old silly!"

The pleasant, serious faced young fellow who came in did not seem to warrant the good-natured contempt bestowed upon him by his pretty, *piquante* cousin. He was rather nice looking than otherwise, and there was a charmingly glad expectant look in his clear gray eyes as he went to her side and clasped one of her restless hands.

"Nathalie, dear, you cannot guess what a lovely time I have in view for you?"

"Then tell me. And don't call me 'Nathalie, dear.' What is it?"

"I'll wait until you are in a good temper before——"

"Now, don't tease, Phil. You know I'm in a good temper, only I hate you to be spoonsy, and 'Nathalie, dear,' does sound so absurd."

"Well, if your own cousin must never say anything nice to you, why, Miss Rodwell, will you allow me to escort you to the Charity Ball a week from to-night?"

"The Charity Ball! There!" And Nathalie fairly hugged Phil in her excitement.

"Of course I'll go. How in the world has it happened?"

"Mr. Delorme had two tickets that he isn't going to use, and he made me a present of them. Kind old fellow he is. Shall you go *en masque*, Nathalie?"

"Yes, for there is a pretty costume I can get up for a mere song. And you can wear a plain domino, you know. I've thought it out already. A floating green—oh, there's the dinner bell. We'll talk about it afterwards."

Phil Duncan thought his cousin Nathalie, of whom he was so fond, but who always seemed to resent rather than encourage his faithful, tender devotion to her, had never looked so lovely in her life as she did when she accompanied him on the night of the Charity Ball.

Her dainty costume, arranged entirely by her own hands, was bewitchingly becoming; clouds of sea green tarlatane, frostily foaming here and there, with yokes and bodice of iridescent fish scales, and strings of Roman pearls binding arms and brow, and crystal drops shining upon her dress and unbound hair, as if she had indeed just risen from far sea depths.

He enjoyed having people turn and admire her, as they evidently did; and they both enjoyed everything very much, the music, the dancing, the flowers, and perfumes, and jewels, and shimmer everywhere; for neither of these two could often afford such pleasure.

After a waltz—such a waltz as dance lovers could never tire of—Nathalie, getting through the crush, holding Phil's arm, suddenly forced her escort to a halt.

"Phil! Phil! Do you see that gentleman in the black silk domino, with the silver star upon it? There, leaning under that cluster of lights, looking this way! I must have a dance with him!"

"Why, Nathalie?"

"Oh, you need not say 'Why, Nathalie?' I mean it. You must bring him here to dance with me, or I'll not speak to you again this evening. Don't you see what magnificent eyes he has? Well, I've been looking for those eyes two months."

"Nathalie, what can you mean?" with a gasp of astonishment.

"What I say! Will you be quick? He is going, and if you do not bring him I will not speak to you—I will not!"

Poor Phil! He knew Nathalie would keep her word, yet he scrupled to go and solicit this stranger with her request; but the gentleman was moving away, and Nathalie would not speak to him if the stranger was not brought to her.

"I beg pardon, sir, but if you are not engaged for the next dance, might I introduce you to the young lady who is with me?"

"It is Phil, is it not?"

"Mr. Delorme!"

"Yes, sir. It is my cousin, Miss Rodwell who does so much copying for us. She has no idea who you are, but if you care to be introduced——" stammered Phil, apologetically.

"Why, no, suppose you do not betray who I am; all is fair among maskers, you know. It is the Undine with the masses of loose gold-brown hair, is it not? I shall be honored, I'm sure."

Before Nathalie was quite recovered from the bewilderment of her good fortune, the stranger had called her fair "sea-nymph," and led her to a place for the Lancers, and now stood looking at her with those glorious eyes, with an expression half-amused, half curious.

"May I ask what gained for me the distinction of being your dance partner, or was it your partner's choice?"

"No, mine. I recognized your eyes; I saw them once before about two months ago—when you were riding through Regent street, and I hinted some day I would like one dance with you."

"Then my eyes are my good fortune? Pray tell me what attraction they have."

"Why, they are rather nice ones for black ones," very nonchalantly.

"Then black ones aren't your favorites?" laughing. "Do you like gray ones most?"

"Like cousin Phil's? No; they are too peaceable and good-natured."

"Then your escort is your cousin? Is he a man of business?"

"Yes, my escort is my cousin. He is the only relative I have. He is in the law office of a Mr. Delorme."

"Delorme? Oh, yes; I think I've heard of him. Nice sort of a man."

"Oh, yes; I believe so. Phil is very fond of him. I've never seen him, but I copy for him," avowed Nathalie; "and he pays better than most lawyers."

The dancing began, and as soon as ended, the owner of the "glorious eyes" led Nathalie back to cousin Phil, whispered softly, "I've a fancy we shall meet again soon," and vanished.

About a week after the Charity Ball, Phil came home one night with the astounding message that Mr. Delorme, having had so much work done by Miss Rodwell, wished to meet her the next day personally.

"What for, Phil? Have I not copied as well as usual? Isn't he going to give me any more work? Think what a falling off in my year's earnings that would be! Oh, I hope it isn't so bad as that! Don't you know why he has sent for me, Phil? Honestly? He has always been contented to have you bring me the work and carry it back, before! Is he a very stern old gentleman?"

But Phil was imperturbable. He announced that he was not in the secret of Mr. Delorme's thoughts, and would not be cross-examined; and it was with considerable nervousness, considering her usual saucy independence and brave *bonhomie*, that Nathalie appeared at Mr. Delorme's office the next day.

For a few minutes she was detained in an outer office by Phil, who said Mr. Delorme was engaged with a client; but, when a little bell sounded, Phil arose and ushered her into an inner, elegant apartment, where sat a stylishly dressed, demure, sweet-faced lady, and a handsome man of forty-five or fifty, with the identical fine black eyes that had haunted Nathalie so long.

For a moment Nathalie's face was a study: bright flushes coming and going in her pretty plump cheeks, and mortification struggling with merriment shining in her eyes and trembling about her scarlet lips; but she got through an introduction to Mr. Delorme quite creditably, and then she broke down and laughed so tunefully and mirthfully that her companions were obliged to join her out of sympathy.

After Nathalie had recovered herself, Mr. Delorme explained that as he felt he must show his gratitude in some manner to the young lady who had so distinguished him the night of the ball, he was about to offer her a position that she might think an improvement on her present one.

He had learned a good deal concerning her life, and he thought it had been a hard one, though an independent one, and that was advantageous for a young girl, especially a very pretty girl, to have real home care and comfort. These Mrs. Delorme and himself would willingly give her, and she could still maintain her independence by giving her services in exchange.

Mrs. Delorme was often confined to the house for weeks at a time, and liked some bright young person about her who could talk to her, read to her, and be a pleasant companion.

If Miss Rodwell would undertake to fill this place she would be treated like a daughter and introduced into their own circle of society. Miss Rodwell might take a week for decision, and if it was favorable, Mr. Delorme's carriage would take her from her lodging house to her new home the day after that decision was reported through Mr. Philip Duncan.

"So when I come home I shall find no Nathalie here," said Phil, sadly the morning that his cousin was to remove to Mr. Delorme's elegant house. "Well, I'm glad for your sake, Nathie, though it's rather hard on me. But, then, I'm of no account; good bye, Nathie dear."

"Oh, Phil, you are such an old goose! Of course, you're a great deal of account, and you are coming to see me once or twice every week; and if you will cheer up, you may call me 'Nathie, dear' every time you come. Now do be sensible and bright; you know I hate you to be sad."

Nathalie's new home was delightful; but for all that she made many friends and received much admiration, she came to think the nicest times, after all, were when Mr. Delorme brought Phil home to dinner; she so missed the kind, devoted cousin. And Phil came often, and after a time confided to Mr. Delorme that Nathalie had promised to marry him.

The next night Mr. Delorme brought Phil home to dine, and after dessert, when the servants were dismissed, and only Mr. and Mrs. Delorme and Nathalie and Phil sat at the table, the lawyer presented Phil with some papers that constituted the young man one of the firm of Delorme and Duncan.

Nathalie jumped up and kissed Mrs. Delorme, and Mr. Delorme, and Phil, all round, and cried—

"Though I know you'll make a dear, good old goose of a husband, and I shall love you no end, I must maintain that Mr. Delorme is just the most glorious man in the world!"

"And has the most glorious eyes;" laughed Mrs. Delorme.

"Of course," said Mr. Delorme. "If Nathalie ever dares to alter her decision concerning my eyes, how I will make her repent that optical crusade of hers!"

"I'm afraid you never can now," responded Phil, his arm getting dangerously near his cousin's blue waist-ribbon. "You have made it terminate so generously and grandly!"

The Widow's Son.

BY B. PEYTON WARD.

SOME years ago, while traveling through a mountainous region of Wales, I stopped at a farm-house and asked for a drink of water. A middle-aged, intelligent-looking woman, the only inmate present, politely bade me enter and rest myself, remarking that the day was very warm, and I looked fatigued.

In looking around the plainly-furnished but tidy apartment, during her absence to the well, I noticed a crude painting, in a rough home-made frame, hanging against one of the walls; and as the design was rather singular, I went up to it, and was standing before it, examining it, when she returned.

The painter was evidently no artist, and knew as little about the science of drawing, coloring, shading, and perspective as a Chinese; but the design was at least original, and the curiosity of the whole affair arrested my attention.

It was intended to represent a wild scene among the mountains, with a man just stepping over a precipice, to fall upon some rocks below, which formed the bed of a swift-running stream; but the novel part of it was, that in the clouds, high above the falling man, was a head supposed to be that of an angel or spirit, from which went a streak of light to a farm-house in a dark corner.

These were the principal points to be noticed, and all that were worthy of mention, and with the conclusion that it and he etc. the pastime of some imaginative youth, and preserved with a mother's fond regard, as an evidence of his precocity of genius, I was turning away, when the mistress of the house, who had come up behind me, observed in what I fancied was a rather triumphant tone, "And, sir, was the work of my son, and he was only fourteen years old when he did it!"

"Indeed!" returned I, rather emphatically, scarcely knowing what else to say.

"Strange picture, isn't it, sir?" pursued the mother, in what now seemed to be a rather melancholy tone.

"Very—quite original. I am certain I never saw anything like it in my life, and I have seen a great many remarkable paintings."

"Ah, me! it was a strange occurrence, and a sad one!"

"It's more than a fancy sketch, then?"

"Yes, it's a dream and a reality. If you like, I'll tell you its history, while you sit and rest."

"I should like to hear it," said I, taking a chair.

"Are you a believer in dreams?"

"I cannot say I put much faith in them."

"Well, I've been told some remarkable dreams, and this, you see, is one of them. A good many years ago, just after I got married, my husband bought this place, and we came here to live.

"Years passed on without any incident, till my son—the same that painted this picture, the only child I ever had—was about ten years old, when one day my husband put some grist upon his horse and started for the mill, which was seven miles off, saying if he could possibly get it ground that day he should wait for it, and I needn't be uneasy if he should happen to stay out pretty late. I told him I should be uneasy, of course, for I couldn't help that; but, if he could get it done, it would be better to wait for it than to make two journeys. Somehow I felt more sad than common when I parted from him that day; and even after he'd started I called him back, and asked him if he felt well, and told him to take care of himself, and remember how miserable I should be if anything happened to him.

"The road—or path, rather, for it could hardly be called a road then—which he had to travel, went through a very wild, lonely region; and if it wasn't really dangerous in the daytime, I never considered it very safe at night; for, besides going up steep, rocky hills, and down into dark, gloomy ravines, and across some two or three streams, that were quick to rise with every rain, there were two places where it ran along the edge of a frightful precipice, where it would be almost certain death to be driven over.

"Besides these two precipices, there was another, a few rods off from the horse-path, and about half a mile from the house, with a stream of water running along at the bottom of it; but this I never thought about, in connection with my husband, till I saw it in my dream, of which I'm now going to tell you.

"Well, you must know that all that day, after my husband had left, I felt very sad and low-spirited; for the life of me I couldn't get rid of the idea that something was going to happen to him.

"Though I said nothing about it to my son George, who remained at home with me, yet I noticed that he felt uneasy too.

"After night had set in, before he went to bed, he would jump up every few minutes and run to the door, thinking he had heard him coming, and then walk back slowly, looking very much disappointed. I finally persuaded him to go to bed, telling him I would sit up myself, and let him know when his father arrived.

"The night had set in dark and cloudy, and the clouds were very low, and the air grew damper every hour, till at last there began to be a fine mist—just the worst night possible for seeing anything, or finding one's way through a thick wood.

"This made me feel more troubled still; and as the hours passed on towards midnight, without bringing my husband, I became so restless that I couldn't sit still, and I got up and began to walk the floor back, and forth. I might have done this for half an hour when all at once I began to feel drowsy, and this feeling increased on me so much that in a very short time I found great difficulty in keeping my eyes open.

"At last I stopped and sat down, and I think I must have gone right off to sleep, for I don't remember anything after that till I had my dream, which I'm going to tell you about.

"I dreamt that I saw my husband coming along the path, about half a mile from here, walking along slowly on foot, feeling his way with great caution, as it seemed, and leading his horse, which had the grist on his back; and I remember wondering why he didn't let the animal pick the way for himself, and follow him instead, as such a beast can always get along better and surer than a man in a dark night. Well, at length he stopped, just where a path ran nearest to the precipice that overlooks the stream, as you see it in the picture, and then he seemed to leave the horse and turn off in that direction, as if to feel out the way; and I remember thinking that if he kept on a little further, he might step off before he knew it. This frightened me so that I screamed and woke myself up.

"'Thank Heaven it's only a dream, after all!' I said to myself, as I looked around the room. And then somehow I fell off to sleep again, and dreamt I saw the horse standing in the path, just as before, and my husband, unaware of his danger, coming nearer and nearer to the awful precipice, over which I seemed to know he would fall.'

"Again I screamed and woke up; and this time I shook off all drowsiness, and ran and called George, and told him all about it, and that he must get up at once and come with me, for I was going to the lodge to see if there was any truth in it. The poor boy was terribly frightened, of course; but he hurried on some of his clothes, and by the time I had got the lantern ready, he was ready too, but fairly shaking with fear.

"I don't know how long we were in reaching the place. I was so excited that I seemed to be flying all the way, and yet getting along at a snail's pace. Our nearest way to get to the precipice was to follow the path that led up on top of it; and when I got to where I had seen the horse in my dream, and found he wasn't there, I began to breathe a little more freely. But then he might have got frightened at something and run away, and of course I couldn't feel easy till I knew. I knew for certain that my poor husband wasn't lying mangled on the rock at the foot of the ledge.

"We called him as loud as we could, but didn't get any answer; and I determined to go and see for myself, hoping all the time that I should find my dream a false one. By going round the hill a little way we could get down to the stream without any danger; but the night was so dark and misty, that it took us a good quarter of an hour to get to the exact place.

"And then—oh, merciful Heaven!—what did these eyes behold? There, sure enough, lay my poor husband, mangled and dying on the rocks.

"I don't remember myself what happened next; but my son says that I seemed unnaturally calm, and that I picked up his father as if he were an infant, and carried him all the way to the house in my arms—he going before with the light, crying as if his heart would break—and that when I had got him placed on the bed I fainted dead away.

"I remember coming to, and finding myself beside the mangled corpse of my husband, and poor George sobbing and wringing his hands, and begging me in the most piteous tones to speak to him. His father had breathed his last on his own bed; but he never spoke after we found him, and was unconscious when he died. The next day the poor boy set off and called in some of the neighbors, and they remained with us till after the funeral, which I don't remember much about. Ah, those were sad, sad days, and only the mercy and goodness of God carried me safely through them!"

On further conversation with the poor widow, I learned that her son, grown to man's estate, was still living with her, her sole dependence, hope, and comfort in this world of tribulation. I was glad to know she was not childless, and breathed a prayer that each might long be spared to the other.

PEOPLE OF QUEER WAYS.

SOME little time ago an article appeared describing some of the curious idiosyncrasies of sane people—people clever, brave, intellectual may be—but victims to one habit, delusion, or antipathy, the power of which over them is so strong as to imply, on that subject only, a mental warp of greater or less degree.

One of the instances cited was that of a brave officer who could not sleep if his tooth-brush and himself occupied the same apartment. Speaking to a friend of this strange repulsion, she remarked that such cases are by no means uncommon, and related to me two parallel examples.

One was that of a lady who had the most intense abhorrence of white loaf-sugar. Did she happen to come into contact with the innocent article, or were even a lump of it brought into her presence, she would be seized with a violent paroxysm of rage.

Another lady insisted upon some one always sitting so closely beside her as to be able to hold her hand in theirs. Unless her hand were so imprisoned, she fancied some evil would befall her—of what nature we do not know, nor if her apprehensions took a definite form even to her own imagination. Two persons were obliged to relieve each other in constant attendance upon her, and very irksome must they have found their task.

Another of fancy's victims was a man who believed himself to be made of glass. His one anxiety was to avoid the touch of persons, or coming into collision with inanimate objects, as, in his opinion, such contact would involve its breakage.

Once a man consulted a doctor about an extraordinary affliction. He asserted that, while in India, he had upon one occasion been placed in so strong a draught that the current of air had blown his head round so that his features crowned his spine. He insisted that this displacement necessitated the wearing of his clothes back to front, obliging him to walk with a retrograde motion.

Instead of ridiculing his patient's delusion or telling him, with crude faithfulness, that his head was in its natural position, the doctor wisely suggested that probably a sharp wrench, followed by the application of a strong mustard plaster, would set matters right. To this treatment the patient willingly agreed, and the experiment was tried with perfect success; the man believing that the doctor had really performed an operation which had resulted in a cure.

In a seaside lodging-house the owner was greatly perplexed by finding her own provisions, and those of her boarders, nightly disappear. As she kept no "cat," and had honest servants, the matter troubled her much.

Accident discovered the delinquents to be two ladies (we use the word "ladies" advisedly, they being members of a family of some position), who had taken apartments in her house, and who, when the other inmates were asleep, stole downstairs to the larder, and regaled themselves upon viands belonging to their landlady and fellow-lodgers.

Neither on the score of poverty nor poor living could their conduct be explained; but, as the same pilferings occurred at other places they frequented—though in each case the matter was by some means hushed up—we can only charitably suppose that, in this one respect, they were unaccountable for their own actions.

Passing to eccentrics of a less pronounced type, we find specimens of various kinds—some harmless, if amusing; others irritating from their useless stupidity.

Provocative of a smile is the expedient devised by a mother for the relief of her over-anxiety lest blows and falls, met with during nursery rompings, or runnings up and down stairs, should result in injury to the brains of her numerous progeny. She conceived the bright idea of making thick wadding pads, which the unhappy children were condemned to wear as a protective covering over their temples and the back of their heads. Their early collisions with the world were thereby made exceptionally easy; and whether or not the pads were to be thanked for the fact—though the reverse might have been expected—they grow up an uncommonly hard-headed set of men and women.

A cheerful variety, happily combining a verbal token of reverence for the Sabbath with an appreciation of high days and holidays, was obtained by having these pads covered with black silk for ordinary week-day wear, and with brown silk for holidays, festivals, and company.

A nobleman, who was credited with a rent-roll of so large an amount that we will not venture upon stating it in figures, would, when left alone in town, himself visit his poulterer, and purchase from him half a fowl, which he considered ample provision for his solitary dinner. It was reputed to be a common practice with him, did he notice outside the bedroom doors of members of his household boots or shoes placed there for the purpose of being removed and cleaned, to ask their owners if such polishing were absolutely necessary, as no one had an idea of the expense of blacking in so large an establishment as his.

Frauds and Imitations.

Let it be clearly understood that Compound Oxygen is only made and dispensed by Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1529 Arch St., Philadelphia, Penn. Any substance made elsewhere and called Compound Oxygen, is spurious and worthless, and those who buy it simply throw away their money, as they will in the end discover. Send for their treatise on Compound Oxygen. It will be mailed free.

Our Young Folks.

THE CHILD'S MITE.

BY M. THORGER.

IT was in the month of October, 1880, that the old town on the Rhine prepared to celebrate that great event—the completion of its Cathedral which had been in course of building for over six hundred years.

From the houses and public buildings many wreaths and garlands were suspended; there was a grand display of flags, and through the narrow streets, and in the Cathedral square itself, there surged an excited and expectant crowd.

But all eyes were continually gazing full of anxiety on those dark masses of cloud, which for many days had been drifting overhead, and which from time to time sent down in giddy play, unmerciful showers of rain upon the scene of the approaching festivities, and upon the heads of the people.

In the garret of a tall and gloomy house in one of the narrowest streets of Cologne, a patient, sickly child had lain for many months. Opposite one of the two windows stood the tidy little bed, at the other sat the father, a poor tailor, with his cheerful apprentice Franz, who had gradually become a sort of *factotum* in this needy household; cook, house-keeper, errand-boy, and companion was he, and in spite of all this work, he still continued to be the merriest fellow in the world.

The house-wife and mother had been dead for more than a year already, and the little girl had been lying here almost ever since.

When she opened her eyes, she could look straight from her cot upon the towers of the Cathedral, which seemed to greet her kindly day by day, in a confidential and mysterious manner.

Since Spring, the towers had appeared from the little window as if framed in a thick, green wreath of leaves, for the ingenious, clever Franz had sown nasturtiums in a few old cigar boxes, which he had begged from someone or other, and they soon climbed merrily up the strings, as though they were hoping to gain a prize. The sweet yellow blossoms seemed to try to reach right into the room, as if with tender hands, when one opened the window.

The little child knew and counted each leaf and bud, and when the wind and rain beat upon the window on many a stormy night, she lay with anxious wide-open eyes, and trembled for her hanging garden, until the morning dawned and the wonderful bells from the Cathedral chimed:

"All is well, all is well.

How beautiful the child thought her little home! She only wished that her mother could have known it as it looked now.

How easy it was to lie so quietly from day to day, when the Cathedral looked down upon the house, and the stately towers raised themselves on tiptoe, as it were, ever higher and higher, as if they wished to see it better, and the sick child nodded to them so wisely, and whispered with beaming eyes: "Without me you could not grow so quickly; I am helping you, you know."

* * * * * *

It was, alas! a not uncommon story, but none the less a sad one.

When the little girl was still able to run about—although she had always looked so delicate and fragile, that the neighbors spoke of her only as the "little angel"—her favorite amusement since her mother's death, had been to sit with a headless doll in her arms, in one of the workshops near the Cathedral. She had often looked on here, silently and attentively, and watched the men at work on the different blocks of stone, and saw how they moved the immense beams of the scaffold hither and thither, up and down.

All the workmen knew the pale, but charming little face with the large eyes. They loved the child, and often some powerful arm would lift up the sweet little form, dressed in the shabby mourning garments, to place her carefully in a safer seat.

On that day, however, they did not take any notice of the child, for many strangers were crowding into the small shed, to see the gigantic passion-flowers of stone which were exhibited there.

Then, all at once—no one knew how it happened—a beam gave way, and fell heavily on the foot of the child as she went tripping by. A loud cry, and little Marie fell senseless to the ground.

When she recovered consciousness, she found herself in the arms of a stately-looking man, whose serious face looked down kindly and anxiously upon her. Tender, comforting words, spoken in a gentle voice, and names of endearment, such as she had never received before, fell faintly on her ear.

It seemed to her as if her mother's voice were calling her, so that she felt obliged to smile, and to say softly, "It does not hurt now, sweet mother." But Franz was close beside her; how did he get there, and why did he not smile as usual, but sob instead, as if in most bitter grief?

The crowd that had gathered round the group now made way for the helpful stranger. A carriage drove up—a real large carriage—little Marie saw it all as if in a dream.

She was going for a drive for the first time in her life, this was all that was clear to her, and in return for this, she flung her arms gratefully round the neck of her kind protector, who lifted her in so carefully.

Then all grew dark again, and when the little girl next woke up, she was in her own bed, and again the kind, manly face was bending over her.

But another person was there too, the good old doctor who had often sat by her mother's bedside; and probably he had bound up the poor little feet, for they really hurt no longer.

Also, the well-known figure of Sister Aloysia, with her sweet expression and kind face, glided in her nun's dress, like a shadow, through the room.

The father, however, stood at his work-table as if stunned; little Marie could see him as through a cloud. Franz was the only person she saw distinctly, for he was on his knees close beside the little cot. Oh, why were they all so sorrowful?

And then the stranger said good-bye; he kissed her forehead, and pressed her trembling hand again and again.

But something remained behind in the weak and feverish fingers, and when the child looked down upon them, still as in a dream, a large, shining, gold coin lay before her eyes. Franz was the first to discover it.

"Oh, you fortunate child, he cried, "you will be able to buy the whole world with that." Then the young nun was called to admire the treasure. "One could do a great deal of good with that," said she, in her soft, low voice. But the astonished father exclaimed, "We could live grandly on that, like rich people, for a whole week; but the strange gentleman gave it to you, so you may do what you like with it. And I have not come off badly, for he gave me a piece of gold too. And he also wished to pay the doctor, but he would not take anything. Do not forget to pray for the stranger, though you dont know his name; the good God knows it, we may be sure. And how glad we ought to be that you were not killed, though it is certainly very sad to think that, probably, days and years will pass before you can stand again."

"Even if she lives, she will only be able to walk with crutches," the doctor had said outside.

"Poor dear little thing, how sorry I am for her, we must all nurse her very carefully; I will look in every day," said the nurse.

"I may do whatever I like with the money," repeated little Marie, getting feverish with excitement, "and one could buy the whole world with it, Franz said. Well, then, I will give it to the clever man who is building the dear cathedral, for he wants a great deal of money, ever so much, I often heard people say when I could run about out of doors. And if I give him my treasure, he will be able to finish the cathedral all the quicker. I will only keep it till to-morrow, just to look at it a little longer. Oh, if mother were only here to rejoice with me."

The next morning the child kissed the gold coin, and then the Sister of Mercy really carried the little invalid's mite to the cathedral offertory-box.

From that time Marie watched her building, as she called it, all day long, from morning till night, with jealous but beaming eyes.

It was a pleasure, her greatest upon earth. She could see the towers rising higher and higher, and that of course was from the inexhaustible golden treasure, with which one could purchase the whole world.

All her pain was forgotten in the proud consciousness that she was really and truly able to help. Was it indeed no dream? Oh no, it was quite true; his was what she told herself every morning, with a happy smile. Of coure in the winter they could work but little at the building, but at last the spring-tide comes once more.

Then all the workmen were busy again among the scaffolding above, and the lacy lace-work round the window shot up again, as if it also wished to see how they were getting on.

And Franz imitated all kinds of birds, as they came back gradually into the small and large gardens, so that the little garret seems almost like a wood.

"Well, how is your building getting on?" asked the good old doctor, who called in sometimes just to "look after" the child; he knew that he could no longer give any real assistance here, an incurable disease of the chest having rapidly developed itself.

Then the smiling child-lips answered—"It is growing."

"How are your towers progressing?" Sister Aloysia enquired every day, and Marie nodded happily and said, "Very well." Kind friends had sent all sorts of toys and presents to the patient little invalid, and among them was a picture of the Cathedral. Everything else was pushed aside, but the picture lay day and night upon the little coverlet.

And at last everyone could see that the towers were growing nearer and nearer heaven; and so was the child, only no one knew that. The sweet cheerful little face and the lustrous eyes deceived them all, and the kind nurse alone felt and knew that the child's weight grew lighter day by day, and that her breathing became shorter and quicker.

At last they told the child that her building was completed, and that the Emperor himself was coming to see it; and the splendid deep-toned bells sounded now every day, as if they said: "All is ready, all is ready; thank God! thank God!

Perhaps, too, the kind unknown stranger would come again; he, whom she thanked in her heart for her sweet mysterious happiness, and for whom she prayed each morning and evening. Ah! then she would at once tell him that they had both helped to complete the cathedral. How delighted and astonished he would be!

Franz must cut all the leaves and flowers from the window, for she would make a beautiful wreath for him if he came. But now the heavy clouds gathered overhead and remained there, and the much-loved cathedral seemed to be always shrouded in mist.

During many a long night the wind whistled and howled round the tall old house in the narrow street, and little Marie did not close her eyes, but lay awake listening to the strange language of the storm.

The towers looked as if they were enveloped in a thick cloak; nothing was to be seen of those beautiful, glistening images of stone, which seemed, little Marie thought, to shine through the scaffolding like gigantic candles.

How sad the child felt; and how anxious she was about the beautiful passion flowers, which would get so wet now, and would certainly look as shabby as her own poor leaves and blossoms at the window. How she longed for the sun, poor little thing, for the dear Cathedral and also a little for herself.

Everything looked so different when the sun shone; it was much easier to breathe too, and that icy hand which pressed so heavily upon the unsuspecting heart of the child did not come then. She was secretly terrified at it, but she did not say one word to her father about it.

He was always so happy now, his hands were quite full of work for the procession costumes, and he will be well paid.

Sometimes, in fun, he would unroll upon the child's bed, the gold and silver lace with which he was to trim the curious garments so richly, and say laughingly: "This is all for your Cathedral, for you have finished building it at last; but the sun ought to shine both upon your towers and the festive costumes, or nobody will be any the wiser."

The evening before the festival it rained incessantly, and the flowers round the garret window almost broke beneath the dripping burden.

How dark and dreary the day had seemed to little Marie!

How oppressive was the atmosphere of the tiny chamber in the roof! Franz was obliged to open the windows constantly, and bring in boughs wet with rain. "I can breathe more easily then," the sick child told him so softly, ah! so softly that he was obliged to bend quite down to the thin, white lips.

How tenderly the wasted hands clasped the leaves and flowers which he brought, and tried to tie them together; but strange to say, the thread seemed as heavy as an iron chain to-day.

The child's eyes were not turned from her beloved Cathedral even for one moment all day long, and when the evening shadows fell, and hid it from her sight, and the father stooped down to her to say good-night (for a whole week now the Sister of Mercy had watched every night in the garret,) then suddenly, with an almost superhuman effort, she threw her arms round his neck, and said mysteriously:

"To-night, Sister Aloysia and I are going to ask the angels to give us fine weather. They can do it, you know; ah! if I could only help a little too, they must always have so much to do."

During that very October night, however, a strange wailing and waving swept over the earth, like the stormy greeting of a new spring-time; and when morning came, what a marvellous and welcome sight was seen!

The heavy clouds parted, the fog disappeared, and all looked blue and golden, as if some invisible hands were struggling to draw back a heavy curtain; and the summits of the grand Cathedral towers were bathed in gorgeous sunshine.

There could be no doubt about it; the angels were hastening to make fine weather for the great festival held in honor of the completion of that wondrous structure—the Cathedral of Cologne upon the Rhine!

Yes, and one more sweet spirit was allowed to help them this time, and there was so much to be done overhead, and it was such joyful happy work, that the poor earth below was quite forgotten.

The little child lay still and dead, with a heavenly smile upon her lips. She had helped to build those towers which looked down so gloriously in shining light, and she was now rejoicing over it in heaven.

ONLY A BUTTERFLY.

BY E. LINWOOD SMITH.

"LOOK out, Dick; you're marrying a butterfly! Very pretty, gauzy wings are hers, I grant you, but they're only fit for the sunshine."

"And Heaven grant the sunshine only may they know!" answered Dick Maynard to his friend Roger Gresham, as they sauntered arm in arm along the path to the church on his wedding day.

Surely it looked as though Florence Maynard's lot had indeed fallen into pleasant places. It was her own home she entered, after her wedding trip, furnished throughout by an indulgent father, and the deed of the house her husband's gift to her.

To express a wish was, with her, to bring its fulfilment. What wonder she knew not that poverty and misery existed—that she dreamed not winter's chill could blast summer's hope?

A whole year passed away—a year so bright, so happy, that she could scarce recall one clouded hour.

It had been a gay whirl of society the young couple had entered. There had been little time for them to gain a truer insight into each other's natures than in their brief weeks of courtship; but was it imagination solely which seemed lately to bring a frown on Dick Maynard's brow—a frown of anxious thought—and round his mouth lines of anxious care.

"We must give a party, Dick," said the young wife one morning, as her husband was about to set out on the business routine of the day. "We have not yet given a bona fide party, and it is naturally expected of us, so I have made all the necessary arrangements."

Dick looked serious.

"Times are pretty hard just now, pet," he answered. "The stoutest houses are tottering. Another failure to-day, Florrie. Darling, don't let us give this party just now."

"I verily believe, Dick, you are insane. What have other people's failures to do with us? Beside, my invitations are already in the engraver's hands. It is too bad of you to worry me in this manner!"

And so, with a pout and a tear the young wife won her way.

"Was it not worth winning?" she asked herself, a fortnight later, as she stood in the brilliantly-lighted drawing-room, the incense of flowers mingling with the crash of music, and beautiful women lending witchery to the scenery.

Everything was a success, in its most unequivocal terms, and the flush of gratified pride was on her cheek, its sparkle in her eye, as alone for the moment she drew the curtains of the alcoved window before her hiding place, to enjoy her triumph.

Suddenly voices smote her hear. Two gentlemen were talking earnestly, and in one of them she recognized Mr. Gresham, her husband's friend. The other was a stranger, but a man well advanced in years.

"What has tempted young Maynard," he said, "to make this display at this time? It is suicidal. Do you not know he has asked time upon his paper? To my knowledge, two firms have determined to refuse it, saying his style of living will not admit of the indulgence."

"Hush! Not so loud," said the other. "Poor Dick! He is not to blame. When men marry butterflies they must accept the consequences."

"Will you call on me for a few moments in the morning, Mr. Gresham?" she said, almost humbly, as he bade his hostess good evening.

It was noon when the servant admitted him, the following day, into Mrs. Maynard's dainty boudoir, and in a few moments she entered.

"I sent for you, Mr. Gresham," said the sweet, musical voice, "to say that I overheard a conversation which took place last evening, when you spoke of serious trouble threatening my husband—a trouble I had accelerated by the reception I had insisted upon giving. Will you be kind enough to tell me how far this is true?"

"Is it possible you do not know of it, Mrs. Maynard?"

"I know nothing. Dick asked me to give up this party, and I refused, not realizing its necessity. Even butterflies, Mr. Gresham, can sometimes shed their painted wings. If I can help my husband, I wish to do so."

A new admiration grew into the man's eyes as he realized he had known naught of the brave young spirit which dwelt there.

"I have this house," she continued. "I will gladly give it up as security for the time for my husband's needs. With him I could be happy anywhere. How selfish I have been not to have watched the signs of trouble growing in his dear face!" and almost a sob crept into the brave young voice. "Will you not persuade him, Mr. Gresham, to accept it? Or, better yet, will you not arrange it without his knowledge? He has done so much for me. Let me do this for him!"

* * * * * *

"Come in!" called out a tired voice, as Dick, a few weeks later, sat alone in his library, and a faint knock came at the door. He glanced surprisedly as his wife entered. "Up yet, dear? Do you know how late it is?"

"I could not sleep knowing you were sitting up. Besides, Dick, I—I saw such a dear little place to-day—a tiny cottage in the country, just near enough for you to come in town every day. Would you mind it very, very much if we went there to live?"

"My darling, what do you mean?"

"Dick, you gave me this house for all my own, to do with it as I pleased, did you not?"

"Your very own."

"Well, why don't you guess? Why do you make me tell you? I have given it up, Dick, to take off part of the load which is weighing you down, and we are going into the country" you and I, to live among the birds and flowers; and, if necessary, darling, I will broil your beefsteak and——"

But kisses choked back the words as her husband caught her in his arms and rained them on her lips, and the cheeks, wet with his tears, as well as hers.

* * * * * * *

Two years had left little trace on Florence Maynard's fresh beauty, as she sat one evening awaiting her husband's return.

No lines of care are now on his brow as, entering, he bends to give her his kiss of greeting; but his voice trembles as he takes a folded packet and places it in her hands, saying—

"Darling, your home is yours again, and my business horizon once more unclouded. My wife it is all your noble work—you who have tided me through the storm which threatened to engulf me——"

But a soft, warm hand covered his mouth, as Florence whispered—

"No true woman could do less, Dick, since her husband's happiness is hers—his honor hers—even the name she bears; and a man who marries, as he supposes, a butterfly, would do well to let her prove her womanhood is none the less, even if her wings be fair and frail."

WORDS.

BY ADELAIDE A. PROCTOR.

Words are lighter than the cloud-foam
Of the restless ocean spray;
Vainer than the trembling shadow
That the next hour steals away.
By the fall of summer rain-drops
Is the air as deeply stirred;
And the rose-leaf that we tread on
Will outlive a word.

Yet, on the dull silence breaking
With a lightning flash, a word,
Rearing endless desolation
On its blighting wings, I heard;
Earth can forge no keener weapon,
Dealing surer death and pain,
And the cruel echo answered
Through long years again.

I have known one word hang star-like
O'er a dreary waste of years,
And it only showed the brighter
Looked at through a mist of of tears;
While a weary wanderer gathered
Hope and heart on life's dark way,
By its faithful promise shining
Clearer day by day.

I have known a spirit calmer
Than the calmest lake, and clear
As the heavens that gazed upon it,
With no wave of hope or fear;
But a storm had swept across it,
And its deepest depths were stirred
(Never, never more to slumber)
Only by a word.

I have known a word more gentle
Than the breath of summer air;
In a listening heart it nestled,
And it lived forever there,
Not the beating of its prison
Stirred it ever, night or day,
Only with the heart's last throbbing
Could it fade away.

Words are mighty, words are living;
Serpents with their venomous stings,
Or brighter angels crowding round us,
With heaven's light upon their wings.
Every word has its own spirit,
True or false, that never dies;
Every word man's lips have uttered
Echoes in God's skies.

AMUSING BREVITIES.

Never was a time when brevity was more the fashion and more constantly insisted upon than at present. We insist that all art, all literature, and all emotions, shall be brief. It is the age of epigram. Even the universal impatience engendered by the restlessness and hurry of the time, should be satisfied with the terseness, for instance, which describes a bad cook as one who makes a hash of everything—except mutton; an unsatisfactory meal, as a domestic broil; and the average prize-fight of the day, a paper mill.

We are reminded that it is harder for a woman to hold her tongue than for a man to hold a baby; that in a game of cards a good deal depends on good playing, and good playing depends on a good deal; and that getting into a passion is a great deal like getting into a blackberry bush. The bush comes out all right, but you don't. The hardness of the world is laconically hit off in the saying: "Every rose has its thorn, but not one thorn in a hundred has its rose."

Not a bad answer was made by a sportsman returning from the marshes, when asked if he had shot anything. "No," he said, "but I have given the birds a good serenading."

"Yes, sir," said Jenkins, "Smithers is a man who keeps his word; but then he has to."

"How is that?" asked Jones.

"Because no one will take it."

The art of condensation was evidently studied by the journalist who reported: "A colored gentleman went into a blacksmith's shop with his coat-tails full of powder. He came out through the roof shortly after."

This reminds us of—A quarryman said he couldn't see any danger in smoking while he was handling powder. He can't see any now.

A poor downeaster who complained that he was like the moon—at his last "quarter"—was as witty as the man who advertised a clock for sale which kept time like a gas-inspector.

A good advertisement appeared on a sign in the far West: "Here's where you get a meal like your mother used to give you." But for graphic illustration of the *multum in parvo*, what could beat the sign of the traveling dentist which bore the startling announcement: "2th pullin'?"

As pithy as some of the foregoing, but more satirical, is the description of a man said to be so mean that he wishes his landlord to reduce the price of his board because he has had two of his teeth extracted.

Severer was the remark of a man, who, hearing that an acquaintance had married again, exclaimed: "Stupid donkey! He didn't deserve to lose his first wife!"

A famous preacher remarked that it is possible for a man to be a Christian and belong to a brass band, but that it would be difficult for the man's next-door neighbor to be a Christian.

Nothing makes a bald-headed man madder than to be accused of never cleaning the hairs out of the comb.

An old darkey once observed that "a man would be a heap better if he was as particular 'bout de whisky he drinks as he is 'bout de water."

Somewhat satirical is the announcement that there is a man in New York who manufactures diamonds for actresses to lose. They are sold by the quart.

There is a good deal of quiet humor in the few lines in which a certain country paper commented on political affairs: "The scarcity of new hats in the street shows that very little interest was taken in the election."

Another humorist observes: "It takes eight hundred full-blown roses to make a tablespoonful of perfume; whilst a quarter's worth of cooked onions will scent a whole neighborhood."

A Chicago hotel-keeper recently had a man arrested for stealing a cake of soap. The man pleaded in extenuation of his offence that he wanted it for his collection of curiosities, it being the first cake of soap he had ever discovered in a Chicago hotel.

At a party a young man began a song, "The Autumn Days Have Come; Ten Thousand Leaves are Falling." He began too high. "Ten thousand," he screeched, and stopped. "Start her at five thousand!" cried an auctioneer present.

A lady in a registry office observed: "I am afraid that that little girl won't do for a nurse; she is too small; I should hesitate to trust her with the baby."

Clerk: "Her size, madam, we look upon as her greatest recommendation."

Lady: "Indeed! But she is so very small."

Clerk: "I know that she is diminutive, but you should remember that when she drops a baby, it doesn't have very far to fall."

A physician much attached to his profession and his own skill, during his attendance on a man of letters, observing that the patient was very punctual in taking all his medicines and following his rules, exclaimed, in all the pride of his heart: "Ah, my dear sir, you deserve to be ill!"

Grains of Gold.

Life is just what we make it.

Quarrels would soon end but for the tongue.

"They say best men are moulded out of faults."

Love sacrifices all things to bless the thing it loves.

We can hardly learn humility and tenderness enough except by suffering.

If a man cannot find ease within himself, it is to little purpose to seek it anywhere else.

We do not judge men by what they are in themselves, but by what they are are relatively to us.

There is nothing so sweet as duty, and all the best pleasures of life come in the wake of duties done.

Show me a land that has mountains without valleys, and I will show you a man who has joys without sorrows.

If the key note of all your conduct to others had its spring in a fine self-reverence, there would be no discourtesies.

Never lose an opportunity of seeing anything beautiful. Beauty is God's handwriting—a wayside sacrament.

He that blows the coals in quarrels he has nothing to do with, has no right to complain, if the sparks fly in his face.

Giving advice is many times only the privilege of saying a foolish thing oneself, under pretence of hindering another from doing so.

The streams of religion in a country, or in an individual soul, run deeper or shallower as the banks of the Sabbath are kept up or neglected.

Those, though in highest place, who slight and disoblige their friends, shall infallibly come to know the value of them, by having none when they shall most need them.

All the good things of this world are no further good than as they are of use; and whatever we may heap up to give to others, we enjoy only as much as we can use, and no more.

That every day has its pains and sorrows is universally experienced and most universally confessed; but let us not attend only to mournful truths; if we look impartially about us, we shall find that every day has likewise its pleasures and its joys.

Femininities.

A woman in Stafford county, Kansas, is the mother of five pairs of twins, all boys, and all living.

Salem, N. C., which is more than one hundred years old, put the first woman in her lock-up on July 4.

A box of pills rattling in her pocket filled a young New England lady with terror and visions of rattle-snakes.

The empire of woman is an empire of softness of address and of complacency—her commands are caresses, her menaces are tears.

A writer has said "woman's work is never done." This may account for the fact that after she is all ready to go some place she wants five minutes more.

Among the interesting events at a recent church pic-nic, at New Haven, Connecticut, was a boat race between two muscular young ladies of the Sunday-school.

In Saline county, Neb., a few days ago, a practical woman closed her husband's eyes on Monday, buried him on Wednesday, and married his successor on Friday.

Mamma: "Don't you think, Emma, you are getting a little too old to be playing with the boys so much?" Emma: "Why, the older I get the better I like 'em."

It is fun to stand on a street corner a fine afternoon and watch the men all rushing around trying to make money, and the women all floating about trying to spend it.

System accomplishes as much in housekeeping as in anything else. It is a great help to have a plan for each day thought out the evening before or early in the morning.

Miss Blanche Williams, of Brantford, Canada, who has just matriculated in the University of Toronto, is the first colored girl ever admitted to the privileges of the university.

"Is it possible, Miss, that you don't know the names of your best friends?" inquired a gentleman of a lady. "Certainly," she replied; "I don't even know what my own will be a year hence."

A fashionable lady, immediately after the death of her husband, married his brother. A visitor at the house, noticing the picture of her late husband, asked who it was. "It is—is," she replied, hesitatingly, "my deceased brother-in-law."

Among the best dances of to-day are many of the delights of the ball-room of one hundred years ago: "Boston's Delight," "Innocent Maid," "Pea Straws," "Stony Point," "Haymaking," and "I'll Be Married in My Old Clothes."

"No woman is worth looking at after thirty," said young Mrs. A., a bride with all the arrogant youthfulness of twenty-one summers. "Quite true, my dear," answered Mrs. B., a very pretty woman ten or fifteen years older, "nor worth listening to before."

Little girl from Chicago: "Our family is a more aristocratic family than yours." Little girl from Boston: "No, it isn't; my mother can boast of her forefathers for the last two centuries." "Oh, that's nothing; my mother can boast of four husbands in the last two years."

It is a current belief among the peasantry of Normandy that if a girl treads upon the tail or claw of a cat her chances of matrimony are materially diminished; and if she treads on both at the same time, it is an infallible sign that she will not be married for at least four years.

Miss Fannie Mills, of Sandusky, Ohio, wears the largest shoes in the country—2½s. They are nineteen inches long and almost eight inches wide, and in kid cost $45 a pair. Miss Mills is a pretty blonde, weighing 160 pounds, and of ordinary height when she does not stand on tip-toe.

Harmony in a married state is the very first thing to be aimed at. Nothing can preserve affection uninterrupted but a firm resolution never to differ in will, and the determination of each to consider the love of the other of more value than any other earthly object whatever on which a wish can be fixed.

"Some people," said Mrs. Schemmerhorn, "measure love by gold. I measure it by its quality." "I measure it by quantity," said meek little Mr. Schemmerhorn, in feeble tones. "I measure it by the peck." "By the peck! What do you mean by that?" "By the hen-peck," he murmured, hoarsely.

"My dear," said a Camden wife who had been married three years, as she beamed across the table on her lord and master, "tell me what first attracted you to me. What pleasant characteristic did I possess which placed me above other women in your sight?" And her lord and master simply said, "I give it up."

Women should understand that no beauty has any charms but the inward one of the mind, and that a gracefulness in the manners is much more engaging than that of their persons; that meekness and modesty are the true and lasting ornaments. These only are the charms that render wives amiable, and give them the best title to our respect.

False modesty frequently deters women from their share of love-making. From fear of being considered over-bold, they are apt to be overshy, and thus discourage attentions which they secretly desire. Women are as well entitled to express their love as men, only each sex has its own way—men with words, and women with manners.

Landlady (who has just presented her weekly bill): "I hope, ma'am, that you find the bracing air agrees with you, ma'am." Lady: "O, yes! our appetites are wonderfully improved. For instance, at home we only eat two loaves a day, and I find, from your account, that here we consume eight." Landlady feels uncomfortable, and changes the subject.

In a street car filled with ladies a ninety-pound dude sat wedged in one corner. A fat woman, bancomely dressed, and with a little dog in her arms, got on. The dude struggled to his feet, and, touching his hat politely, remarked facetiously: "Madam, will you take this seat?" The fat lady looked at the crevice he had left and thanked him pleasantly. "Your are very kind, sir; I think it will just fit the dog." And it did.

Masculinities.

The man who abides in a penitentiary is a law-abiding citizen.

When the heart is full the lips are silent, but when the man is full it is different.

A man who imagines himself St. Peter was among the arrivals at Castle Garden the other day.

"No, sir," he said to the captain, "I am not seasick; but I'm disgusted with the motion of the vessel."

A man in Milwaukee, has written a poultry book of 1,200 pages—a regular hencyclopædia, as it were.

The fact that Washington never told a lie has been satisfactorily accounted for. He never went fishing.

The mayor of a Florida town has given his entire salary to assist in the improvement of a little park there.

A recent French invention is a machine by which a man can cut his own hair as easily as he can shave himself.

The man who doesn't believe in any hereafter has got a dreadfully mean opinion of himself and his chances.

The Viscount Tredern, one of the great lights of French society, has been condemned to sixteen days' imprisonment for wife-beating.

The Russian Prince Alexander Gagarine, driven to desperation by heavy losses at the gambling tables of Monte Carlo, has committed suicide.

An heirloom is something useful in weaving a man's destiny, but to see the hair loom up in the hash settles the destination of the boarder every time.

A Michigan man broke his leg in trying to turn off the gas at the meter. If a man is fool enough to try to fight a meter he must take the consequences.

The odd fancy of a Michigan man is to build his summer residence in the shape of a huge lantern. The site for the structure is on a bluff overlooking Lake Huron.

If you desire to buy a monkey, or a tame bear, or a Guinea-pig, cheaply, do not go to an animal store, but repair to some family that has had one of these creatures for thirty days.

Sir Justin Aylmer, the heir to an ancient English baronetcy, having a rent-roll of $25,000 a year, young, handsome, and engaged, fell from a bicycle recently, and broke his neck.

"Pa, do lawyers wear armor?" "No, of course not; what put that into your head?" "Why, I see in the paper every day that lawyers file their suits, and so I thought they might be steel."

Dr. Johnson thought the happiest life was that of a man of business with some literary pursuits for his amusement, and that, in general, no one could be virtuous or happy who was not completely employed.

"I freely admit," said the young lawyer, "that I am not what the world considers a very good man; but, then, how could you expect it of me? It's practice that makes perfect, you know; and that I haven't got."

"Mr. Jones," said little Johnnie to that gentleman, who was making an afternoon call, "Can whisky talk?" "No, my child, how can you ask such a question?" "Why, 'cause ma said whisky was beginning to tell on you."

Gustave Dore, the famous artist, bought a villa, just before his death, on the outskirts of Paris, and had written up over the entrance the musical notation, "Do, Mi, Si, La, Do, Re." This being properly interpreted, is "Domicile a Dore."

There are two things which the wise man never tries to do. The first is to shave himself with a razor which his wife uses on her corns, and the second is to convince her that a razor is not improved by being sharpened on a butcher's steel.

Fired with emulation of Evangelist Sam Jones, Rev. Job Cooley, a Methodist minister at Spring Place, Tenn., preached a vigorous sermon to his flock, remarking that if they didn't like his style they could leave. In less than five minutes Mr. Cooley was alone.

A Kingsbury county, Dakota man who is nervous about storms, has built a cyclone cellar arranged with a trap-door and a system of pulleys, so that when he hears a storm coming in the night he can pull a cord and his bed will slip through the trap-door into the cellar.

An English nobleman, who has not yet found his mission, advertises in the London papers for a great cause to champion. He promises to devote his time and experience either to social and economic matters, or anything else of benefit to the race that is pointed out to him.

The remedy for corpulence, according to a London paper, is in the method of eating and drinking. If we only ate more deliberately, it says, we should find half of our accustomed quantity of food sufficient to satisfy the most eager cravings of hunger. Let men of all classes who lead healthy lives resolve to eat and drink slowly.

To prevent the street Arabs from getting two free swims when they are only entitled to one admission a day, the policeman in charge of the New York city baths feel the applicants' noses. If the nose is cold, the boy is hunted off with ignominy and a rattan. The boys are trying hearty friction of the tell-tale feature, to correct the frigidity.

The most successful swindle of the season is probably the summer insurance swindle. The operator goes to the house of a man known to be out of town, tells the family that the policy on the house or furniture has expired, and on receipt of $5 or $10 on account of the premium for another year agrees to make matters all square till paterfamilias returns.

Charles Neuville, a gentleman with a talent for matrimony, has just died in the State Prison at Columbus, Ohio, to which he was sent in December, for bigamy. His usual plan was to provide for an illegality in the marriage, and to plead that when arrested, but the thirteenth case proved unlucky. He left a message to his wife at Peterboro, Canada, declaring that she was his only love, as she was his only lawful spouse.

Was She Too Bold?

BY E. LINWOOD SMITH.

SHE was so perfectly lovely, and bewitching, and graceful, and the most outrageous little flirt in town; and just now, as she stood at the window, holding aside the lace curtains with the daintiest of fair white hands, so that she might watch Bertie Forrest down the street, there was an imp of roguish mischief dancing in each of her laughing eyes that were as lustrously dark as a chestnut shell.

"What a great, silly goose he is! As if I am not positive it is only a severe attack of jealousy. He almost swore he would never speak to me again, but I know! It won't be a week before he's back—bless his dear, silly old self! He mustn't imagine I never shall make myself agreeable to anybody but himself."

And that Addie Westbrook made herself remarkably agreeable to every gentleman with whom she came in contact, thereby earning the title of coquette far and near, was not so much the reason Mr. Bertie Forrest had quarrelled with her, because she had, after weeks and weeks of accepted devotion from him, which to him meant solemn earnest, suddenly and unaccountably shaken him off, and was flirting outrageously with a handsome, dashing young fellow who had lately arrived among them, and who had entered Lawyer Beacon's office as junior partner.

He was a fine-looking, pleasant-mannered young man—handsomer than Bertie Forrest, and considerably better off, and, as Addie could not possibly exist without a series of excitements in the flirting line, it was easily enough seen by everyone but the gentleman concerned why she had let him drop, and taken up Mr. Tremain.

It had hurt Bertie Forrest sorely—so sorely that he had never known, except by the pain of the wound Addie gave him, that he had so madly loved her.

It had hurt him, and soured him, despite his earnest endeavors to live it down by hard work; he could not drive it from his thoughts, and had finally gone to her residence, and saw Addie Westbrook's sparkling, *piquant* face beside Mr. Tremain's, both of them laughing in the most delightfully interested way, and apparently too absorbed in each other's society to as much as bestow a glance in his direction.

If he had only known how Addie had schemed and manœuvred that the scene should transpire precisely as it did, if he had only known that she had caught a sideways glimpse of his weary, drooping head, and her heart had given a bound of warm pity and penitence, I hardly think his fine face would have paled so deathly white, or his hand trembled so as they drove slowly on.

But he did not know, of course. And although the first effect of what he naturally supposed to be her ostentatious cruelty was a sharpening of the pain in his heart, and an intensifying of the general wretchedness that had taken possession of him, the secondary effect was beneficial, for his manliness and pride were aroused, and he resolved that he could and would endure it, for all he knew he would never care for any other woman.

And he did not change his mind, while Addie thorough woman that she was, did—because she missed his coming to her more than she dreamed she would—because, when the time passed by which she had given him to come back to her, and he showed no signs of so doing, she was astonished and piqued; because of all the beaux she had had, she never so thoroughly enjoyed the society of anyone as she had enjoyed Bertie Forrest's society.

There had been about him the ring of the true metal, and she missed him more than she would, as yet, admit to himself.

Mr. Tremain was devotedly attentive in those days, and people thought that at last a match was imminent. But Mr. Tremain could have told how capricious Miss Westbrook was, and how entirely unfounded the voice of rumor was.

She began to fret inwardly over Mr. Forrest's stubborn withdrawal of himself.

"How can he be so cruel? He knows I meant nothing. I shall positively hate him if he behaves so childishly angry any longer. I will not trouble myself about him any more—there!"

And for five days Miss Westbrook kept her word, feeling in her heart remarkably indignant, and quite conscious that she was keeping up a bitterly fierce state of hostility.

The sixth day she happened to meet him in the post office, for the first time face to face since their stormy parting.

He was a little paler than usual; but just the same elegant, courteous gentleman, as he raised his hat and bowed, and pronounced her name distinctly, quickly, but as frigidly as ice itself.

She flushed somewhat, felt flustered, but managed to return the salutation as coldly as he gave it.

Then she went home and cried for an hour or two, and came out from the battle weakened.

"I'll capitulate; I can afford to. I'll give him a chance, and, of course, he'll take the hint."

So she wrote him a little note on her monogrammed French paper, asking him if he would accompany her and her sister, whose escort was Frank Sydney, for a ride that evening at seven o'clock.

And while the messenger was gone she was in a state of pleasant excitement, and even went to her room to arrange her hair as Mr. Forrest liked to see it.

The answer came, on a sheet of business paper, with not even an envelope around it; and it contained as few words as politeness required to thank her for her invitation, and telling her a previous engagement made it entirely impossible.

And while Addie raged over the awfully polite note, Mr. Forrest was sternly reading hers.

"I'll never give her another chance to make a fool of me."

So the early winter days wore away. Christmas passed, and New Year came, but Mr. Forrest never came near her, and Addie began to grow pale and drooping, and refused to go out as often as before.

"I'm not ill, not a bit," she insisted, and in her own heart she knew she was sick to her very soul's centre, because of Bertie Forrest's continuous cruelty to her.

"If I only could see him—if he would only let me see him a minute!" she would mourn to herself, and then her woman's pride would come up in her heart, and she would declare she cared no more than he did.

Until one day her sister's lover, Frank Sydney, startled her with the news that Bertie Forrest had accepted a position with the famous Renwick Brothers, bridge builders and iron foundry men, some hundreds of miles away, where he would make money, and earn the reputation he deserved. And the arrangements were all made, and Bertie was to go on the twentieth of January.

Addie's face was turned towards the window, so that no one saw the sharp wound she had received.

Bertie to go away for good on the twentieth, and this the fifteenth! And he had made no effort to bid her good bye after all the intimacy that had existed between them.

It was too cruel, too hard for her to bear. And at that instant Mr. Bertie Forrest passed the house, and in a second the window was up, and Addie speaking gently to him.

"Mr. Forrest, stop one moment! We have just heard the strangest news. Is it really true you are going away?"

He assured her it was so.

"You surely did not think of leaving town without saying good bye to us, did you? We may expect you to give us a moment at least, Mr. Forrest?"

Her low, sweet voice was thrilling him with its old power; her pitiful, dusky eyes were looking in his own with such pleading in them; and he thought what an arrant flirt the girl was to try to draw him in her toils again.

So he steeled his heart as well as he could as he answered her.

"If you wish it I will call to exchange farewells, Miss Westbrook."

And Addie closed the window, wondering if nothing ever would turn his heart towards her again.

All those five intervening days she waited, and watched, and listened for the sound of his voice in the hall, but he did not come, although twice he passed the house, and Addie began to harden against him for his marked discourtesy, so that when, an hour before his departure, he called, on his way to the terminus, she was in a state of indifference that equalled his own cool courtesy.

"You think of remaining permanently, Mr. Forrest, of course? Papa says the position is good, and will be a fine opening for you. You will be foolish to return to this humdrum little town."

She was bright and sparkling, but with the cold brilliancy of an icicle when the sun shines on it.

"I certainly would be very foolish to return here, where I have nothing beyond pleasant associations to attract me. No, I am quite sure I am bidding my friends good bye indeed."

He gave her his hand as he would have offered it to an acquaintance of a days standing, and she laid hers limply, chillingly in it.

"Well, then, good bye, Mr. Forrest. Of course, if you make a flying trip back, you will let us have a look at you."

"I think that even a 'flying trip' is in the far future, Miss Westbrook. I expect to work hard, and nothing short of a positive, special summons from the only person I leave here for whom I care particularly will have the power to bring me—a summons I am sure never to get."

He looked at her one second, but she was not conscious of it.

"We will hope for the sake of your other friends, for whom you do not particularly care, that you receive such summons."

So they parted, two as thoroughly unhappy people as ever lived—he, to try and drown his unrest in hard mental and physical work, manlike; she—oh, I love her, with all her faults, because she was so thoroughly womanly—she, to grieve and love the more, and finally to cut the Gordian knot.

And the way it was cut was apparent to Bertie Forrest the moment he entered his little private office the morning of St. Valentine's Day, and found on his desk, among other correspondence, a letter addressed in a handwriting that made heart leap to his mouth.

It was from Addie.

Just such a frank, honest letter as a woman has a perfect right to write to the man she knows she has injured.

It was a letter asking him to forgive her, to install her as his best, dearest friend, and if it suited him, to come to her.

An hour later Mr. Forrest was in the through express for home, and the midnight bells of that blessed St. Valentine's Day had not yet tolled its death when he stood before the woman he loved, whose love and courage had broken down the barriers that would have for ever divided them, to their everlasting error.

"My darling always! My darling for ever!"

He said it as he clasped her in his eager arms, and looked in her eyes.

"I have been so alarmed since I sent that letter. Oh, Bertie, if you hadn't been glad. Tell me, was I too bold?"

And we will not record his answer, since it might bias other people, of whom we ask the same question. But Addie sacredly observes St. Valentine's Day, and Mr. Forrest has a certain letter put religiously away in his safe, and he calls it his passport to happiness. And it was.

THE DARK CONTINENT.—On the great interior plateaus of Africa, whose inhabitants are generally much superior in mental and moral development to the coast negroes, the men exhibit a good deal of affection for their women. Livingstone, who usually speaks of African women as "ladies," makes many allusions to this fact, and so do Schweinfurth, Burton, and other explorers. The red-skinned Nyam Nyams are noted as the Zulus for their intelligence and bravery, but if any of their women are captured by an enemy they will make any sacrifice and incur any disgrace to get them back again. The degraded coast negro, however, appears to know neither love nor jealousy. Mr. J. Monteiro, who has lived for years on the west coast, says that he never saw a negro there manifest the least tenderness towards a negress, or give or receive any caress that would indicate the slightest loving feeling on either side.

It is to the credit of the natives that the white women who have entered the depths of Africa with their missionary husbands have almost invariably received kind treatment. If they could endure the climate they had nothing to fear from the aborigines.

Mme. Tinne is perhaps the only white female traveller in Africa who has been killed. She wandered in safety among the blacks of the upper Nile, but fell a victim at last to Mohammedan fanaticism. Travellers say they would often be unable to make any progress whatever among the most savage tribes if they were not able to convict the natives that they possessed supernatural powers. A few conjurers' tricks will often open the way among savages, who would fight the explorer if they did not think he could bewitch them all. Young Thomson, who recently came back from the Masai country, travelled far on his reputation as a man who could take his teeth out of his mouth and put them back again. He had two false teeth on a plate. When argument and entreaty availed nothing, he had only to do the teeth act to get about everything he wanted.

A chief south of Lake Nyassa, who had never seen glass, became the warm friend of a missionary whose watch he was examining. He could see the hands right before him, but he couldn't put his fingers on them, and he thought the white man by some occult power kept him from touching them.

Some petty chiefs have been in the habit of appearing before explorers and personating their sovereign the Big King for the purpose of getting a handsome present. The explorers have found a means of exposing these frauds. As a rule, none but great chiefs are allowed to possess gaudy or high colored cloths. If such goods are offered to a sub-chief who pretends to be the King, he refuses to receive them, and stands revealed as a fraud.

GREEN-HOUSES.—In the green-houses the plants are sometimes infested with red spiders. Their presence may be detected by the brownish appearance of the leaves. These insects cannot exist in moisture, and the best method of checking their progress is to syringe the plants about sunset or later, so that they will be wet all night.

A Campaign Secret Given Away.

In the campaign of 1884 the two candidates for governor in a "pivotal" Western State arranged for a series of joint discussions. Both men were popular, both of fine appearance and were so well matched in mental force and as orators that the contest between them promised to be a magnificent one. For several weeks the scales balanced evenly.

But one day the brilliant Republican candidate came up ailing. He seemed overcome and spoke laboredly. The next day he was even less effective. Later he was compelled to ask his opponent for a postponement of certain appointments, which was granted. Before the campaign ended he had abandoned the field altogether.

Meantime the Democratic candidate continued his canvass, seeming to grow stronger, cheerier and more effective with each succeeding week. He was elected. One evening in December while entertaining several gentlemen he said:

"I will tell you a campaign secret—which gave me the election. With the opening of my campaign I began caring for my liver. I knew that a disordered or torpid liver meant dullness and possible sickness. I took something every day. When my opponent began failing I knew his trouble to be his liver and felt like prescribing for him, but feared if I did so he might beat me! I grew stronger as the campaign progressed, often making two speeches a day. Even my voice, to my surprise did not fail me once. All because Warner's safe cure kept me in A 1 trim." Ex-Governor Jacob of Kentucky, also made a campaign tour under precisely similar circumstances and says he kept up under the exhausting strain by use of the same means.—*Rochester Union.*

IN THE FACE OF TRIFLES.

MDME. DE CAMPAN tells an amusing story of Mdme. Louise, one of the daughters of Louis XV., who became a nun. Her health had always been delicate, and her resolution to enter one of the strictest religious orders was much combatted by her relatives and friends, but the Princess was not to be dissuaded, and was duly professed a Carmelite. A friend who afterwards visited her inquired if she did not find the rules of the sisterhood very hard, after a life hitherto passed in royal luxury. The Princess confessed one thing had been a trial to her. The austeries of the life were nothing, but one change was serious—she was obliged to descend by a back staircase without the arms of a footman! The first time she attempted this feat she wept, and was obliged to close her eyes before she could make up her mind to attempt the humiliating test. In like manner the poet Alfieri, fired with the new idea of his age, and disdaining to be the "subject of a military despotism," relinquished his estates in Piedmont to his sister, thus freeing himself from that allegience to the King of Sardina which was reqired of him as a Piedmontese noble.

The exchange from wealth to poverty, from rank to obscurity, was little regarded by the young enthusiast; but, in his journal, Alfieri comments on the sacrifice it cost him to relinquish the brilliant Sardinian uniform, which displayed his figure to so much advantage. How often does the real burden of some great sacrifice thus lie in a trifling portion of the act of self-devotion, which appears at first sight too trivial to be noted at all. This may explain the perplexing fact often commented upon by observers of human life, that people who would readily die for each other yet embitter one another's existence by disputes about trifles.

Like the French princess and the Italian poet, they could easily make a great renunciation, but the little every-day trifles, the back staircase and the uniform, are not so readily fallen in with. In one of the eighteenth century magazines is a story of a husband and wife who were so attached to each other that both remained on a wreck refusing to be rescued because they could not be saved in the same boat. Picked up by a passing vessel, the devoted couple came safe to shore at last; but alas! for human constancy, only to separate some months afterwards; a trifling subject of dispute effecting what the fear of death had failed to do.

OVER the triple doorways of an Italian cathedral there are these inscriptions spanning the splendid arches. Over one is carved a beautiful wreath of roses, and underneath, the legend, "All that pleases is but for a moment." Over the other is sculptured a cross, and there are the words, "All that troubles is but for a moment." But underneath the main arch is the inscription, "That only is important which is eternal."

THE best truths are gotten by digging deep for them.

Advertising Cheats!!!

"It has become so common to begin an article in an elegant, interesting style,

"Then run it into some advertisement, that we avoid all such,

"And simply call attention to the merits of Hop Bitters in as plain, honest terms as possible,

"To induce people

"To give them *one trial*, which so proves their value that they will never use anything else."

"THE REMEDY so favorably noticed in all the papers,

Religious and secular, is

"Having a large sale, and is supplanting all other medicines.

"There is no denying the virtues of the Hop plant, and the proprietors of Hop Bitters have shown great shrewdness and ability

"In compounding a medicine whose virtues are so palpable to every one's observation."

Did She Die?

"No!

"She lingered and suffered along, pining away all the time for years."

"The doctors doing her no good;"

"And at last was cured by this Hop Bitters the papers say so much about."

"Indeed! Indeed!"

"How thankful we should be for that medicine."

A Daughter's Misery.

"Eleven years our daughter suffered on a bed of misery.

"From a complication of kidney, liver, rheumatic trouble and Nervous debility.

"Under the care of the best physicians.

"Who gave her disease various names,

"But no relief.

"And now, she is restored to us in good health, by as simple a remedy as Hop Bitters, that we had shunned for years before using it." THE PARENTS.

☞ None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

Recent Book Issues.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

Babyhood is an excellent magazine and should be in the hands of all mothers or those having the care of children. The August number contains an unusual number of interesting and valuable articles. Published at 18 Spruce St., New York.

St. Nicholas for August is an out-of-doors number. The frontispiece illustrates a story entitled, Little Dame Fortune, which tells how a little girl who wandered away out of-doors, once made an artist's fortune. Helen Gray Cone sings about, A String of Birds' Eggs; Mrs. F. M. Gregory describes, Coasting in August, in the Catskills; Laura E. Richards pictures, A Pleasant Walk in the Fields; Grace F. Pennypacker poetically interprets, What the Flowers Said, and there are other breezy articles with the respective titles of, A Constitutional on the Beach; The Great Blue Heron; A Water Museum; and the Brownies at the Seaside. Among the other good things in the number are instalments of the serials, another chapter of Lieut. Schwatka's, Children of the Cold; the Jack-in-the-Pulpit, and other departments, together with many fine illustrations. The Century Co., New York.

In the *Popular Science Monthly* for August, Concerning the Suppressed Book, is an article by Prof. Youmans, being an examination of the Spenser-Harrison correspondence, which ended in destroying the new book on religion shortly after its issue by the Appletons. Genius and Insanity, treats of the nature of genius and its relation to the general mental integrity of the individual. "An Experiment in Primary Education," gives some striking results well worthy the attention of our educators. On Leaves, is completed in this number. The future of National Banking is the subject of an article which discusses some of the more important methods that have been proposed as substitutes for our present system. Diet in Relation to Age and Activity, is concluded, and is followed by a paper on, The Building and Ornamental Stones of the United States. The addresses of Professor Huxley and the Prince of Wales at the presentation of the Darwin statue of the British Museum are given, and there are also articles of interest on, Measures of Vital Tenacity; Curiosities of Time-Reckoning; and Modern Bronzes. The Editor's Table, and the other departments are characterized by their usual variety and interest. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

The August number of *The Quiver* contains an account of the winner of the *Quiver's* first silver medal offered for heroic conduct. The hero is James Nolans, a young Irishman who fought a fierce battle in a mining catastrophe. An engraving of the medal is given. The theological papers of this number are, How Joseph's Dreams Were Fulfilled, by the Rev. A. Boyd Carpenter; What is Proper Spirit, by J. Hule; The Mount of the Lord, by Rev. Mark Guy Pearse; Servant, and yet Lord, by Rev. T. M. Morris, and the second and concluding papers on the, Revised Version of the old Testament, by the Dean of Canterbury. Among other interesting papers we find one on, The Poetry of Old Ruins; In the Shadow of the Alps Two Centuries Ago; and a parable, The Village Well, by Lady Laura Hamilton. There are two pretty poems, The Butterfly; and the, Soul's Distress. The serials and short stories are as entertaining as ever and excellent illustrations abound. Cassell & Company, New York.

Lippincott's Magazine for August is specially adapted for summer reading. The only "solid" papers in this number are one on, The Scottish Crofters, by Prof. D. B. King, and the second of two by Edmund Kirke on, The Pioneers of the Southwest. Our Ville, by Margaret Bertha Wright, is a very amusing sketch of French provincial life. Fishing in Elk River, by Tobe Hodge, carries us to the wild mountain region of West Virginia; and, A Forest Beauty, by Maurice Thompson, is a description of the tulip-tree. The fiction fills a large space. On this Side, is now approaching the conclusion. The short stories are uncommonly good. The Primitive Couple, by M. H. Catherwood, is artistically worked out; the characters being of an unfamiliar type while evidently true to life. A Pleasant Spirit, by Margaret Vandergrift, is a realistic village sketch, and, My Friend George Randall, by Frank Parke, is a story of college life, written in a very agreeable and sympathetic vein. The poetry, Gossip, and literary notices are all deserving of attention. J. B. Lippincott Co., Publishers, Phila.

The August number of *The English Illustrated Magazine*, opens with an exceedingly interesting historical and descriptive sketch of the Crofters of the Highlands and islands of Scotland. The article is profusely illustrated. This is followed by a beautiful short story, by M. E. Mullah, entitled, Bill Jones. The second paper on, The Pilgrimage of the Thames, has numerous spirited illustrations. A new serial, by Andre Hope, is begun, entitled, Beneath the Dark Shadow, which promises to be a powerful story. Walter Crane's uniquely illustrated poem, The Sirens Three, is continued, occupying five pictorial pages. Hugh Conway's novel, A Family Affair, is drawing to a close. Macmillan & Co., New York.

DON'T fill the system with quinine, when fever and ague, and malarial fevers, can be much more effectively treated by Ayer's Ague Cure. Warranted to cure.

Humorous.

SAWING A BOARD.

When a woman her home would decorate,
She stops not at obstacles small or great,
But the funniest sight her trials afford
Is when madam essays to saw a board.

With her knees on a plank, and the plank on a chair,
She poises her saw with a knowing air;
Makes several wild rasps at the penciled line,
And is off with a whizz the reverse of fine.

With lips compressed she gets down to work,
And crosses the timber jerky-jerk;
She can't keep to the line, her knee slips askew,
But she keeps to the work till the board splits in two.

She has damaged the chair, she has ruined the saw,
Her back is aching, her hands are raw,
And she finds, when she tries to fit her prize,
It's an inch too short of the requisite size.

—S. T. OLEN.

The fat of the land—Petroleum.

No one is more ready than a forger to write a wrong.

When a shoemaker takes a wife, does he lay his all at her feet?

What is it that walks with its head downwards? A nail in a shoe.

If you want to avoid the heat of the city, go to the seashore. If you want to avoid the heat of the seashore, stay in the city.

"Attacked While in Bed" is the title of a new story. Instead of writing about it, the author should have lit the lamp and killed them.

The tramps are complaining that their business is lamentably overdone. There are a hundred now where there was one fifteen years ago.

There is no miserable, hidebound spirit of exclusiveness in Tennessee. A man who is to be hung there can invite three friends to the execution.

Cold contracts, and heat expands, the natural philosophers tell us. But they don't explain why it is that you always get the smallest piece of ice in the hottest weather.

"Bobby," said his aunt, at the dinner-table, "will you have a piece of rhubarb pie or a piece of peach pie?" "I guess I will try a piece of the rhubarb pie first."

A little girl whose father had died when she was but three years old, mentioned the fact that she did not attend the funeral. "Why not?" was asked of her. "Well," she said, "I was not old enough to appreciate his death, I suppose."

An old colored man saw a sign in a shop which read: "Tasteless Medicines." Looking at the "pizen-mixer," as he called him, he said, "Dat am de bes' advice I eber got—taste less medicines," and then hurried away, just in time to dodge a package which was thrown after him.

It is related that a certain German maiden once presided at a mineral-water fountain, at which there were only two kinds of syrup—vanilla and lemon. To her came a young man, and said: "I want a glass of soda without syrup." "Ha," replied Katrina, "dhost vat kind of syrup you vant him mit—mitout vanilla or mitout lemon?"

HUMPHREYS'

Manual of all Diseases,
By F. HUMPHREYS, M. D.
NICELY BOUND IN
CLOTH and GOLD
Mailed Free.

LIST OF PRINCIPAL NOS.	CURES.	PRICE.
1	Fevers, Congestion, Inflammations...	.25
2	Worms, Worm Fever, Worm Colic....	.25
3	Crying Colic, or Teething of Infants.	.25
4	Diarrhea of Children or Adults.....	.25
5	Dysentery, Griping, Bilious Colic....	.25
6	Cholera Morbus, Vomiting.....	.25
7	Coughs, Cold, Bronchitis.....	.25
8	Neuralgia, Toothache, Faceache.....	.25
9	Headaches, Sick Headache, Vertigo..	.25

HOMEOPATHIC

10	Dyspepsia, Bilious Stomach.....	.25
11	Suppressed or Painful Periods.....	.25
12	Whites, too Profuse Periods.....	.25
13	Croup, Cough, Difficult Breathing....	.25
14	Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Eruptions..	.25
15	Rheumatism, Rheumatic Pains.....	.25
16	Fever and Ague, Chills, Malaria.....	.50
17	Piles, Blind or Bleeding.....	.50
19	Catarrh, Influenza, Cold in the Head.	.50
20	Whooping Cough, Violent Coughs...	.50
24	General Debility, Physical Weakness	.50
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28	Nervous Debility.....	1.00
30	Urinary Weakness, Wetting Bed.....	.50
32	Diseases of the Heart, Palpitation..	1.00

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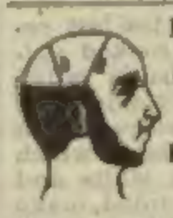
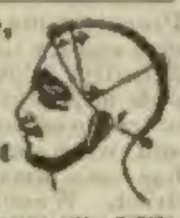
Premier Artist
IN HAIR.





Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BASE TOUPEE.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.	TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair.

CANVASSERS wanted. People's Encyclopædia. Send 25 cents for outfit at once. M. S. BROCKSTEDT, 112 Pine Street, St. Louis, Mo.

YOUR HAIR

should be your crowning glory. Ayer's Hair Vigor will restore the vitality and color of youth to hair that has become thin and faded; and, where the glands are not decayed or absorbed, will cause a new growth on bald heads.

MAY the youthful color and vigor of the hair be preserved to old age? Read the following, from Mrs. G. Norton, Somerville, Mass.: "I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for the past 30 years; and, although I am upwards of 60, my hair is as abundant and glossy to-day as when I was 25."

BE assured, that a trial of Ayer's Hair Vigor will convince you of its powers. Mrs. M. E. Goff, Leadville, Col., writes: "Two years ago, my hair having almost entirely fallen out, I commenced the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. To-day my hair is 29 inches long, fine, strong, and healthy."

RENEWED and strengthened by the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor, the hair regains its youthful color and vitality. Rev. H. P. Williamson, Davidson College, Mecklenburg Co., N. C., writes: "I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for the last ten years. It is an excellent preservative."

BY the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor, Geo. A. Dadman, Waterloo, Mo., had his hair restored to its original healthy condition. He was nearly bald, and very gray. He writes: "Only four bottles of the Vigor were required to restore my hair to its youthful color and quantity."

USING Ayer's Hair Vigor cures diseases of the scalp. F. H. Foster, Princeton, Ind., writes: "I had been troubled for years with a disease of the scalp; my head was covered with dandruff, and the hair dry and harsh. Ayer's Hair Vigor gave me immediate relief, cleansed the scalp, and rendered the hair soft and pliable."

Ayer's Hair Vigor,

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., U. S. A.
For sale by all Druggists.

PHONETIC SHORTHAND. Osgoodby's Method for Self-Instruction. Price, $1.50. Special Instruction by Mail, $5. Send stamp for Specimen Pages, etc.
W. W. OSGOODBY, Publisher, Rochester, N. Y.

100 Fine Cards and Scrap Pictures and elegant Hoger Ring 10c. Clinton Bros., Clintonville, Ct.

70 New Scrap Pictures and 12 Hidden Name Cards, 10c. sample Book 5c. L. Jones & Co., Nassau, N. Y.

MUSIC
FOR ALL!
ONE HUNDRED
Of the Most Popular Songs,
-Music and Words,-
FOR
Ten Cts.

SUCH AN OFFER AS THIS HAS NEVER BEEN MADE BEFORE.

The chance of a life time for Singers, Players, Glee Clubs, etc., to get a splendid lot of the best songs, music and words, published for

ONLY 10 CENTS.

For 10 cents in currency or postage stamps we will send (all charges postpaid)

One Hundred Choice Songs,

music and words, to any address.

DIME MUSIC CO.
726 Sansom Street,
Philadelphia, Pa.

PERRY & CO.'S Steel Pens.

OF SUPERIOR ENGLISH MAKE.
Sample card, 24 different styles of Pens, will be sent, postpaid, on receipt of 25 cts. Postage stamps received.
IVISON, BLAKEMAN, TAYLOR, & CO.
SOLE AGENTS, 753 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

TO WEAK MEN suffering from nervous debility, weakness of body and mind, loss of memory, mental and physical exhaustion,—I will send you a valuable treatise upon the above diseases, also directions for home cure, free of charge. Address Prof. F. C. FOWLER, Moodus, Conn.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Dr. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

A Picture for Every Household in America.

WE MOURN OUR LOSS.

A MAGNIFICENT LITHOGRAPHIC PICTURE OF

GENERAL ULYSSES S. GRANT.

An Unparalleled, Unique, Original and Beautiful Memento of the AMERICAN HERO, Known and Honored by all the Nations of the World.

There is not a home in this broad land where the name of ULYSSES S. GRANT is not known. His valiant services in the army so endeared him to the grateful hearts of the people that they twice, by overwhelming majorities, elected him President.

Now that he has passed away from earthly scenes and honor, what more fitting memento of this great man can be obtained than this

ARTISTIC MEMORIAL!

We have, therefore, published this beautiful picture. All its different features have been designed by the best artists; the excellent portrait is correct in its details, and is admitted by all to be a striking and lifelike likeness.

The picture proper is a grand combination, appropriately and artistically grouped together. Looking at the picture, at the top is the suggestive title,

WE MOURN OUR LOSS.

It would be impossible to obtain a more significant title than the one we have adopted. For there is no one, irrespective of party differences, but what truly gave forth their heartfelt sympathy during the last days of the life of this noble hero. Below the title, is a medallion, is a lifelike portrait of

GENERAL ULYSSES S. GRANT.

It was copied from a photograph recently taken. Great care and taste have been used to make this a correct likeness. On the right and left of the portrait are two beautifully designed banners, on which is emblazoned,

LIST OF BATTLES AND ROLL OF HONOR.

Below the portrait, enclosed in a pretty design, is the Letter of Capitulation which General Grant sent General Lee, at Appomattox Court House, Va., April 9th, 1865, and the reply of General Lee, with a facsimile of both signatures. The table upon which this letter was written is also represented. Below, and to the right and left, is a facsimile of

THE GRANT MEDAL.

In the space on the sides of the medal is a correct history of the

LIFE AND PUBLIC SERVICES

of General Grant. This is not a common lithograph picture, but a genuine work of art, printed in tints, on heavy plate paper, 24x34.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE! A WORD TO THE WISE IS SUFFICIENT.

We would only say that if you want to make money fast, you should embrace this opportunity and send for a sample picture at once, as the field is sure to be taken up with but little delay. From Maine to California there is the most intense desire to procure an authentic portrait of the Hero of America.

QUICK SALES AND LARGE PROFITS.

It combines elements of popularity and an immense sale, which have never been surpassed in the agency business. The first come first served. You can make FIVE TO TEN DOLLARS PER DAY. Now is the time. The people want just such a picture.

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	Agt's' Price.	Retail.	Agt's' Profit.
Sample copy, by mail, postpaid, 25 cents.			
12 Copies by mail, postpaid	$4 75	$8 00	$3 25
25 " " "	8 25	15 00	6 75
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Latest Fashion Phases.

In fashions at the present moment a comfortably fitting gown of cool texture is a great desideratum, and new washing fabrics are shown in almost endless variety; but lawns and cottons of cream or beige tints are the most favored. These are in many styles and patterns, some very pretty cottons have a sateen-like surface, with tiny checks and squares formed of open threads; these cost only a trifle and look worth much more; therefore a dress trimmed with plenty of lace is both pretty and inexpensive. Another charming fabric is the beige muslin with white figures, and this is especially good when trimmed with quantities of thin lace and flots of colored ribbon; this muslin should be made on a sateen foundation.

Frise cottons are not so popular as their delightful appearance would lead one to imagine, but they are too firm and heavy for very warm weather, although admirable for full plain skirts or for trimmings. The latest production is a delightful cotton canvas, which has all the appearance of a woolen one, and is also made in those colors that do not require washing, such as moss green, tobacco and Bismarck browns, grey and many shades of drab, as well as the washable cream and biscuit tints.

The drab shades make up prettily with a flounce of the new imitation yak lace, which is quite deep, the drab and "string" shades being more like the real yak than the cream or white. This mixture, with a slight touch of velvet on the bodice, forms a delightful summer costume.

The Swiss embroidered lawn robes are really so handsome-looking, and outwear so many ordinary cotton gowns, that they are the cheapest one can buy. Those prepared for this season have four and a-half yards of flouncing reaching nearly to the waist, and the same quantity of narrower embroidery for trimming, as well as several yards of very wide plain lawn for the bodice and draperies.

Stripes are still immense favorites, and are used in innumerable ways. Some have several lines close together, which form one broad stripe, are particularly new, and are usually made with the stripe running round the skirt. Skirts made in this manner are sloped at the top only in the front, the back being unsloped and arranged in full gathers or pleats. Solid stripes do not look well in this style, and are generally made lengthwise.

A good design admirable for a combination of plain and striped material is made thus: The skirt is a plain round one, and has the long graceful open drapery edged with full lace; whilst the back is arranged in the new "fan style, which is excellent for washing gowns, being so easily replaited, and may therefore be removed before washing. It is lined on each side with a broad facing of the striped material, which shows at each fold of the drapery.

The bodice has shallow tips, a tall back and double points in the front, and a heart-shaped plastron of striped material with revers of velvet, which are simply tacked on, and easily removed before sending the gown to the laundress. This is also a very effective costume made in cashmere or other soft woolens, and can be make of entirely plain materials, with the plastrons and facings of silk or velvet; four and a-half yards of striped material will make a plain skirt, and one yard extra cut the remainder of the trimmings.

Another mode of using striped materials in which a good effect is obtained if the various parts are cut in different ways. Thus the apron can be so cut as to allow the stripes to take a slanting direction, and the vest can be joined down the centre so that the stripes form triangular points. The front edge and also the top sleeve must however be exactly on the straight, and as the stripes on each side must correspond, it is best to cut out the material double, with the stripes laid exactly one over the other.

The back should have a stripe right down the centre, which when shaped will decrease at the waist; and the stripes on the side body must follow the line of those at the back, excepting a few inches at the waist part. This design is equally suited to washing or other materials.

A very pretty way of making up the popular canvas is over a silk foundation; for instance, a plain skirt of sapphire-blue canvas over a petticoat of cardinal silk, the same being used as body and sleeve lining, has a very good effect. Any passementeries or ribbons are in the two colors. Striped and plain blanketing is much in vogue just now; the best colors are cream and crimson. The striped stuff is used for the sailor collar and vest, and a crimson silk handkerchief ought to complete the costume. The material looks rather heavy in the piece, but the effect when made up is perfect.

The sea-side resorts continue to show forth some most striking fashion features and costume combinations. The mate in eccentricity and extravagant fancy to a recent Paris parasol of green crape, with panels of black Chantilly, has not yet appeared, but one sunshade is quite bell-shaped and all transparent white lace and muslin, without lining; another is painted lavishly all over a white satin ground. Still another is octagon shaped, with points, lace-frilled, falling between the ribs; the material white brocaded with pale roses. A brilliant yellow brocade, with a fall of white lace about it, heaves in sight like a gigantic buttercup or sunflower. To resume, it may be noticed how great is the favor of white for driving. The little white bonnets are occasionally of shirred wash tulle and the strings are of the same, and, broad and soft as they are, tied under the chin in a big snowy bow, which throws a most becoming reflection over the skin.

Although high heels are voted obsolete on the other side of the water, they retain all their popularity here. The dainty shod feet reposing on the luxurious little velvet or plush cushions on the bottom of the Victoria or phaeton are all adorned, or disformed (as taste will have it), with Louis XV. stilts. Young girls have commenced wearing broad brimmed hats more than at the beginning of the season. They are immensely large Leghorn "flats," generally without lining and simply trimmed perhaps with a strap of black velvet and a bunch of white tips, mixed with white lilacs, on one side. Others are lined with red velvet and have a soft scarf of buff crape twisted about the crown, making a nest for a cluster of brilliant flowers to rest in, and then strings, which may tie under the left ear.

One original creation is of gold lace covered with white as to the brim, and as to the crown, a mass of pale crushed roses; in the front, a goodly number of moire ribbon bows and buds, in two shades, brilliant orange and pale cream, form a bold cucarde. A second hat for walking, is black straw, with a rolled-up brim covered with black velvet: a red crepe trimming, in the shape of a plaited fan, adorns the front, by the side of a huge black bird, scintilating with jets.

A few striking costumes are as follows: A dress of red satin, as to the petticoat, with two wide flounces of beige lace half concealing the same; an overdress, in one with the waist, of velvet ribbed gauze in a peculiar shade of "tilleul" and gray; this overdress opens on one side with bows of red velvet and a revers of red satin, which, plaited up with the material, merely shows in glimpses.

Second dress of cream-colored etamine embroidered in brilliant oriental colors. This forms the skirt; the overdress is of dark blue veiling, and describes a long apron in front; the bodice is of veiling and has cuffs of red surah and graduated revers of it, and in between the latter a bouffant drapery of the etamine, similar to the dress. The effect of this costume is most charming. Equally pretty is a white embroidered net with a long overdress, or polonaise, of the sheerest linen tissue embroidered in dull reds, yellows, blues, in a queer Oriental design; jabots of lace on the waist and red velvet collar and sleeve trimming.

A superb carriage costume, worn by a Western woman, is of pink moire, trimmed with garnet velvet and white lace; the bonnet is of the velvet, with a crown of gold lace, and big gold beads studded all over the brim. A quaint dress of pale blue taille, over which falls a second skirt of white piece lace, merely raised once in the front with a bow of moire ribbon, represents the extreme tendency of the newest style, or the right side having two long straight sash ends; the bodice is long and drawn in at the waist, as though copied from some old picture of the year 1830.

Then among some of the simpler dresses to be seen, sateens of nearly all shades trimmed on plain grounds are all the fashion. The little shoulder capes which are worn against the coolness, are made of any material and color and are very popular.

Domestic Economy.

ENTRÉES—[FROM LAST WEEK.]

The kromeskies should be taken up one at a time in a spoon, dipped into the batter, and put at once with the batter which is in the spoon with them into the hot fat. As soon as the batter is lightly browned, which will be in less than a minute, the kromeskies are done. If pig's caul is not to be had, boiled fat bacon may be used instead, but it must be cut as thin as a wafer, so that it will almost dissolve in frying. Caul is to be preferred to bacon, because it cooks more quickly. Kromeskies, which are, I believe, also called "angels on horseback," are very easily made, and they are not troublesome when once the process is understood. They may be made of the veriest scraps, and will be excellent if only they are pleasantly seasoned and flavored. Half-a-dozen mushrooms which have been peeled and cut up small are a valuable addition to the mince. When mushrooms are not to be had, tinned champignons may be taken instead. A few tinned oysters also may be put with kromeskies made of cold mutton, and they will help to convert homely materials into an elegant dish.

The frying batter, of which mention has been made, is prepared as follows:—Put a quarter of a pound of flour and a pinch of salt into a bowl, and mix smoothly with a gill of lukewarm water. Add two tablespoonfuls of salad oil, and leave it till wanted. Just before it is to be used, dash lightly in the whites of two eggs which have been beaten to a fine froth. If preferred, three tablespoonfuls of oil may be used instead of two, and then whites of eggs may be omitted. The batter may be made the day before it is wanted, and will be no worse but rather improved by waiting. It will rise in the bowl and seem to ferment, but it will be all right. Some people may think that batter made with three tablespoonfuls of oil is too rich. Then the whites of eggs may be taken.

Both lobster kromeskies and oyster kromeskies are very delicious. In each case the panade must be made as before, with an ounce of butter, an ounce of flour, a gill of water, milk, or oyster broth, and a little cream, lemon juice, salt, and cayenne. It must be thoroughly cooked, or the kromeskies will not remain firm. For lobster kromeskies the flesh of a small lobster will have to be cut into small pieces and stirred into the panade, and a little of the spawn which has been dried in the oven, bruised, mixed with an equal quantity of butter, and passed through a sieve may be added for the sake of the color. For oyster kromeskies the oysters would have to be cut into small pieces before being mixed with the panade. Firm oysters would have to be chosen for this purpose; for some oysters are too soft for it.

The cutlets a la Talleyrand, by means of which the lady vanquished her cook, are made as follows: Take a pound and a half of veal and cut it into neat rounds about two inches in diameter and a half-an-inch thick. Cut away all skin from these, flatten them with a cutlet bat, or broad-bladed knife which has been dipped in cold water. Dissolve two ounces of butter in a sauce pan. When it is hot, lay in the cutlets and cook them gently for five minutes, being careful not to let them acquire any color. Sprinkle over them five mushrooms, two shalots, and a tablespoonful of parsley, all of which have been chopped very fine, with a little pepper and salt. Pour on a gill of white sauce, and simmer again very gently for ten minutes. Keep stirring the sauce while on the fire, and when done add, off the fire, two beaten eggs. Return the pan to the fire for a minute to set the eggs, then dish the cutlets in a circle and pour the sauce round them. If there is no white sauce at hand, a superlative white sauce may be made as follows:—Melt two ounces of butter and fry it in two ounces of lean ham. When this is cooked lightly so as not to discolor the butter, mix an ounce and a half of flour smoothly with the butter, add a pint of white stock, and stir the sauce till it boils. Peel six button mushrooms, or if these are not to be had use eight champignons, or tinned mushrooms. Chop these small before using them. Add them and two small carrots also cut small to the sauce, draw the saucepan to the side with the lid half on, and simmer gently for half an hour. Skim away the butter which rises to the surface, and strain the sauce through muslin, or through a tammy cloth. The latter is the most effectual way of straining superior sauces, and it renders them beautifully smooth and velvety. The tammy, which is a sort of loosely woven cloth made for the purpose should be placed over a basin, and the sauce poured into it. The cloth should then be turned over the sauce, and the two ends taken firmly hold of by different persons, and by means of one twisting one way and the other twisting the other, the sauce should be squeezed through into the basin. When strained, half a gill of cream may be added to it. The veal cutlets must be dished in a circle and the sauce poured over them. Thus prepared they are really delicious.

Cutlets a la Rachel are also most excellent. Prepare some veal cutlets, as in the last recipe and fry them gently until cooked sufficiently. Cover them with what is called *pate de foie gras* stuffing, lay a round piece of truffle or mushroom in the centre of each and wrap each cutlet in pig's caul, which has been soaked in water till white and dried. When the cutlets are wanted, make them hot in the oven, and serve them round mixed vegetables which have been cut into fancy shapes.

The great difficulty in writing on a subject like this is to know when to stop; for indeed there are scores of recipes which one might give, all of which are excellent. I must, however, content myself with one more this time and then stop.

Oysters and Bacon.—Take as many fresh oysters as may be required, and wrap each one in a slice of thin bacon. Put the small rolls in the oven and bake until the bacon is sufficiently cooked. Have ready a small round of buttered toast for each oyster, arrange them in a circle and then serve.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE police record of San Francisco shows that 2734 Chinamen were arrested last year.

Confidential Correspondents.

F. I. P.—Write to Lippincott & Co., Publishers, this city.

SHELL-LAKE.—Address "John Swinton's Paper, New York city, New York."

MELANCHOLY.—Try for something in the leading drug-stores. As a rule it is dangerous to attempt removing it.

MILLY H.—Surgical bandage makers supply braces for the purpose of curing round shoulders. If you were to see them you might be able to make them for yourself. It is needful you should have some support as you have to stoop much, and have not time for dumb bells or gymnasium. It is the only remedy we can suggest.

HOLLOWAY.—We do not think Alice an old fashioned name, and we think it an interesting name. It means "noble maiden." Fanny is also, to our thinking, an attractive name. The meaning of it is "indomitable. Kate we have a special liking for. It is the diminutive of Katherine, which means "spotless and pure." It is still the custom to append the name of the person written to either at the bottom of the first or the last page of the letter.

J. T.—All such prophecies as Mother Shipton's are about as valuable valuinations of the future as fortune-telling by gipsies or by cards. Like many coincidences, events are strained to make them appear fulfilled. It is an insult to common sense to have the least faith in one or the other. We are told of one prophet who publicly predicted the end of the world in four years, and at about the same time bought the lease of a house which had twenty-one years to run.

THORNEY.—What is termed the Maltese cross was originally adopted by the Knights Templar, a military religious order, founded at the commencement of 1000. They wore a white cloak with a red cross on the left shoulder. In 1540 the Emperor Charles V. gave them the isle of Malta, hence their title Knights of Malta. The order was suppressed abroad in 1540. The shape of the cross is similar to that you have drawn, though you have not depicted it quite correctly.

CHARLOTTE.—Although a young lady may be plain in the face, yet with the advantage of a good figure and an amiable disposition she ought not to despair of receiving the addresses of a suitor. We are sorry to hear that the young gentlemen in your neighborhood are so unable to appreciate the merits of the young ladies; but you are not the only lady who writes in a similar style of complaint. We really do wish that the young gentlemen everywhere would think less of short pipes and bitter beer, and more of the fair sex.

CONSTANT.—We have no space for a speech suitable for the party on the twenty-first birthday of your friend; besides, we do not know the gentleman. Get upon your feet and congratulate him upon having successfully weathered the storms of boyhood; speak of his friends looking forward to his advancement through the exercise of those conspicuous talents which they have always remarked in him; make a touching allusion to the future partner of his joys and sorrows, his honors and emoluments.

READER.—Children are liable and compellable to maintain their old and impecunious parents, and should the old lady in the present case be obliged to apply to the authorities for relief they could obtain from the judges an assessment of the amount and an order upon the children to pay it. The son would be primarily liable under such an order, unless the daughter had means of her own apart from those of her husband, in which case the liability would fall upon both children in equal proportions. The son-in-law cannot be compelled to maintain his mother-in-law.

BOTHER.—Try the following method:—Place the picture on a smooth board, and cover it finely with common salt, finely pounded. Pour or squeeze lemon-juice upon the salt, so as to dissolve a considerable portion of it. Lift one end of the board so as to make an angle of about 45 degrees, then pour on the engraving boiling water from a tea-kettle, until the salt and lemon-juice are all washed off, when the picture will be perfectly clean. All that remains to be done is to dry it gradually, either on the board or on some smooth surface; if dried by the direct the sun it will be tinged with yellow.

BERT.—The yellowness may be natural, or it may be caused by an accumulation of tartar, which can only be removed by a dentist; and those who suffer from this annoyance can never quite prevent its growth, though they may ward it off to an extent. French dentists advise the occasional use of a mouth wash of vinegar and tepid water; a few drops of vinegar (which must be pure) to a wine-glassful of water. Charcoal or pumice-stone, in the finest powder, may be used once or twice a week, but not regularly, or the enamel of the teeth will suffer. The teeth should be brushed regularly night and morning, inside and out, and the mouth rinsed after each meal.

BETA.—"At lovers' perjuries they say Jove laughs," and no doubt he does, especially at their quarrels. It is within the bounds of probability that an explanation may be hereafter offered for a proceeding which, if it can by any squeezable toleration be construed as less than an insult, was certainly not gentlemanlike. Your quondam lover may erroneously imagine himself, from some previous provocation, justified in committing the act, and intends by it to terminate the engagement between you. As we do not know the occasion of the quarrel, we cannot advise further than by saying, in our belief, it is a duty you owe to the dignity of your position and to your self-respect to accept it in that spirit, and to treat it with silent disdain until it has been recalled with an ample apology.

DAISY.—Letter "A" is by a very youthful person, with strong feminine traits. He is gentle, nervous and liable to be a trifle thoughtless and careless in many different respects. His character is not yet sufficiently developed on account of his age, to decide as to its real strength or weakness. Letter "B" is not the writer's usual writing. It is stiff and constrained. Consequently it offers no chance of forming a fair judgment. We would say however that he is about nineteen, with a disposition to think rather highly of himself, and his qualities. This manifests itself in a tendency to flourish and display. At the same time he has clear notions of what is good and upright, and when he gets older, will be a man of exact and of just, though somewhat narrow opinions. We do not claim infallibility in these judgments from hand-writing by any means, and may be far oftener wrong than right. If it is understood we are only "guessing," there will be no ill-feeling when our comments seems to be of an unflattering character.